VOGUE

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SEPT. 1

VOGUE'S WORD ON PARIS FASHION:

THE NEW IDEAS...
THE NEXT LOVES

IN AMERICA:

THE NARROW LOOK...

GLORIOUS PALES...

NEW CHARM FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC ON THE FASCINATION OF DE GAULLE





You're looking at a "transluminant", a new category of make-up. This one, for the face, is called Veilesscence.

It highlights structure. Lowlights shadows. Illuminates a natural, unmade-up beauty.

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Charles of the Ritz



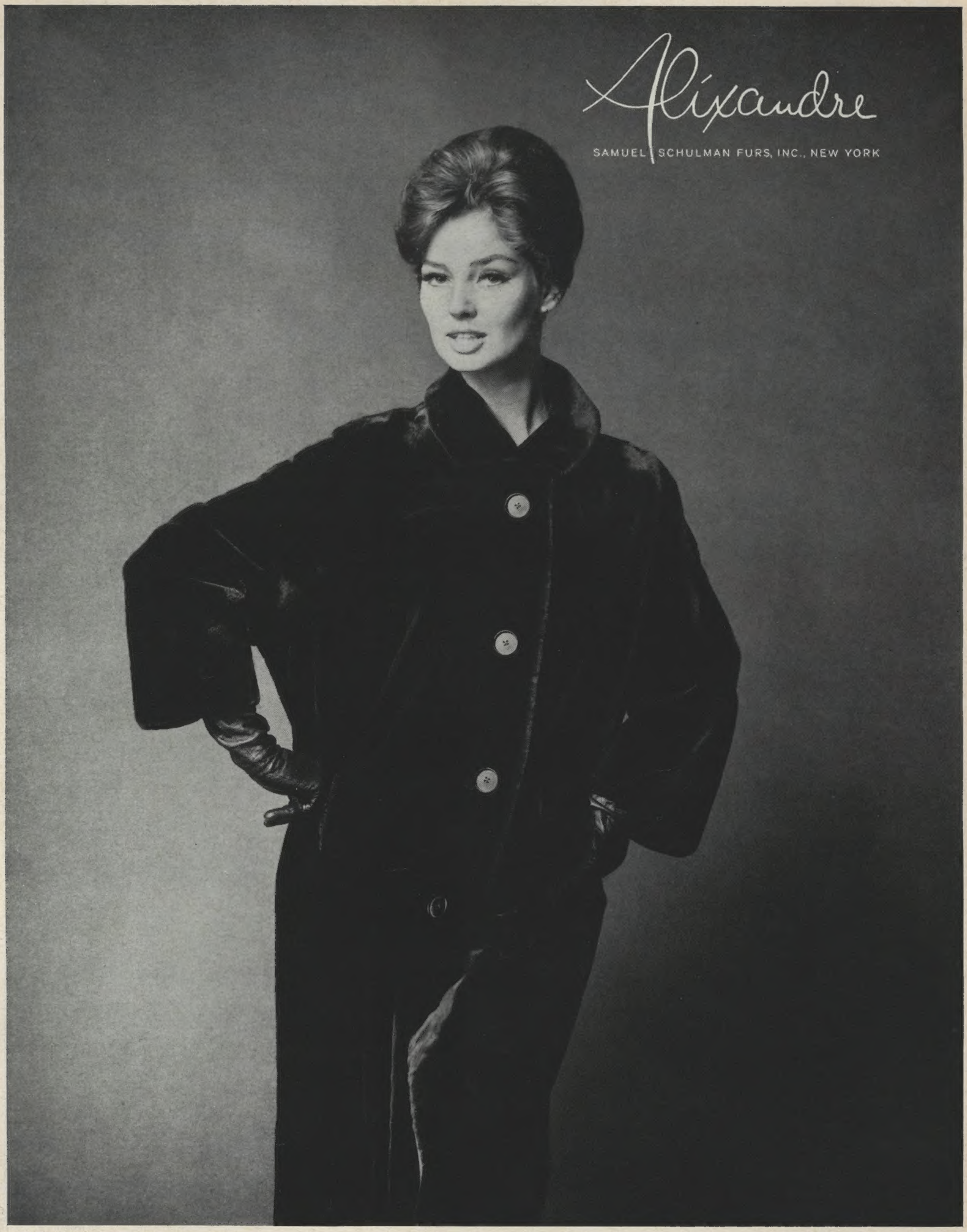
PHOTOGRAPH BY NEAL BARR

Luxe On The Onside $425

...disciplined chic on the outside. Total picture:
this year's suit-with-impact. What makes it a smash?
First, the jacket's discreet-but-luxe fur lining—a grey-dyed French
rabbit with aristocrat manners. Then, a superb three-part cutting of granite grey
French wool, done for us by Marquise. Sizes 8 to 16.
Suits, Third Floor

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



DAVID BAILEY

COVER: Black-and-white zebra-skin scarf, tied close to the head for the clear silhouette that makes this-minute fashion. This-minute make-up: Revlon's marvellous new three-point plan, Ultima II—applies in a minute, lasts nearly forever. Over a small smoothing of Aurora Beige Creme Foundation goes the sheer glow of Misty Pink Blushing Creme and a fluff of translucent face powder. Lipstick: Ultima Pinkalypso. Hat by Adolfo. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Bitter-brown lacquery coat for evenings, stormy or otherwise—with this coat, anything goes; by Tiffeau & Busch.

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Vol. 144, No. 4, Whole No. 2124

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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. ELSEWHERE, $1.15. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.
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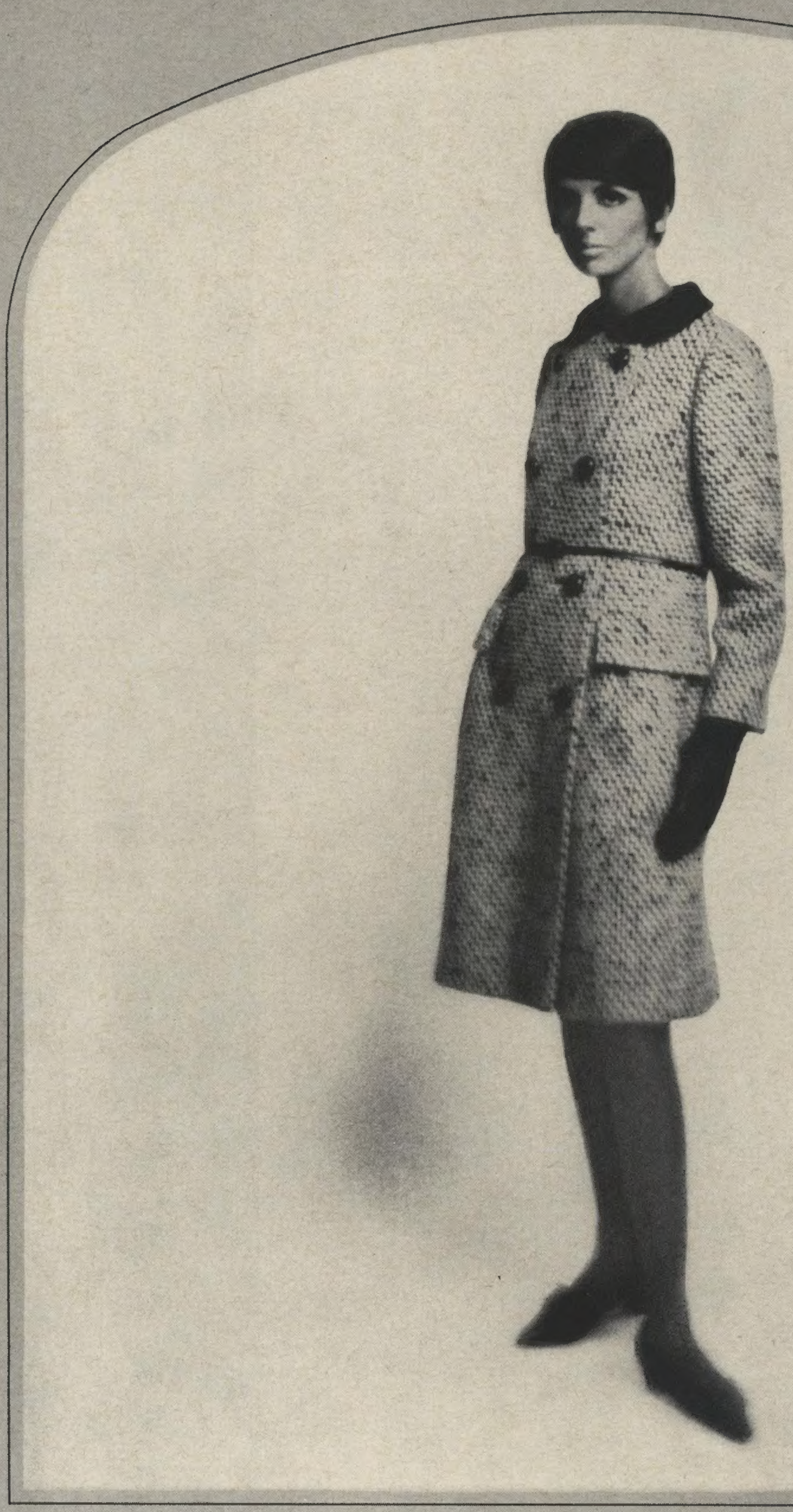
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4 OUNCES 4.75 PLUS TAX

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Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Dayton Co.; I. Magnin.

Seymour Fox designs in beautiful Anglo fabrics

J. HYDE CRAWFORD



BREATHTAKING...BONWIT'S B. H. WRAGGE COLLECTION FOR FALL The verve, the famous color-sense, the flawless taste...never more striking than in this latest collection by the great sports master. Here, his Scottish tweed travel ensemble: in marvelous sand and stone colors, the wool and cotton houndstooth check in dramatic contrast to a soft gray flannel overblouse. Matching Wragge beret, 21.00 in our Miss Bonwit Millinery. Ensemble, 8 to 16 sizes, 245.00 No mail or phone, please. On our famous Sports Floor, it has **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

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Buttoned over twice.

shaped in very close,

softened with a

swingy back pleat—

the overcoat superb.

Big houndstooth wool with a

velvet collar, by

Monte-Sano & Pruzan, 555.00

Designer coat collections,

Lord & Taylor

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Southampton • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Skokie • Detroit • St. Louis • Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale • Phoenix • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Palo Alto • La Jolla—and now in CHEVY CHASE

Saks Fifth Avenue



The deft hand of a master tailor shapes a costume for evening hours – a crisp wool cutaway jacket and skirt, the blouse and jacket lining matching silk brocade from France, 550.00

In pink or black with a pink blouse and lining.
Designer Suit Collections.

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Southampton • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Skokie • Detroit • St. Louis • Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale • Phoenix • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Palo Alto • La Jolla—and now in CHEVY CHASE

Saks Fifth Avenue



Our own Sophie
allies the buoyant
black and white patterning
of a suit cut straight as
a rule with an alabaster
white blouse of silk satin, 500.00

Suit of French wool and mohair.
Sophie Ready-to-Wear Collections.
Hat by Tatiana.



WHEN BALTIMORE

THINKS OF FASHION IT THINKS OF

HUTZLER'S

OWNED AND OPERATED

BY THE HUTZLER FAMILY FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

Nearly-coat costume from our Ben Reig collection designed by Barry. In dill green wool shaped with a light hand . . . a brief-cut reefer over the simplest possible dress



I. MAGNIN & CO. IS

a pitch black dinner suit. Sleeveless beneath. In Anglo's superbly textured wool with rhinestone illuminations. Designed by Ben Zuckerman exclusively for I. Magnin.

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, PALO ALTO, SANTA CLARA, CARMEL, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, LOS ANGELES, BEVERLY HILLS, PASADENA, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA ANA, LA JOLLA, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, PHOENIX.

Is a woman ever too young

or too old for 'Eterna 27'?



Age doesn't matter. Tests conducted by world famous skin specialists proved that this astonishing face cream brought dramatic, visible changes to the faces of women all the way up to the age of 88!

Clinical reports show that 'Eterna 27' brought dramatic changes to the skin in more than 6 out of every 10 cases tested! Indeed, the skin most in need of help usually showed the most remarkable response.
'Eterna 27' is no overnight miracle (nothing is!) It takes 40 days of faithful use for the maximum benefits to be seen. (And remember, there are no hormones in 'Eterna 27'.) So whatever your age, try 'Eterna 27' before another day slips by.

Special! For a limited time: A 3-month supply (6 ozs.) 8.50...13.25 value.



'Eterna 27' by Revlon

From the world's most renowned cosmetic research laboratories.

[The only skin cream of its kind accepted for advertising in The Journal of the American Medical Association.]



HATTIE CARNEGIE, New York • **GARFINCKEL'S,** Washington, D. C. • **HIXON'S,** Milwaukee • **L. S. AYRES,** Indianapolis • **I. MAGNIN,** West Coast

Peck & Peck



The great Cathedral of Cologne has crowned the center of the city since the ninth century.

The Peck & Peck Girl follows a new travel scent to Cologne

Say Cologne...and you place it at once as the home of renowned 4711, Europe's favorite refreshant cologne. Say Towntree...and you know its fashion fame for imported Scottish woollens. Here, in this young and softly elegant suit for fall, a new Scottish wool tweed by Towntree is very handsome in a two-tone look of black cross-tweeded against rich colours, with its black selvage forming the contrasting trim. Emerald/black, sapphire/black or ruby/black. 8 to 16, *100.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



At the House of 4711 with Mr. Ferdinand Mülhens, guardian of the secret formula in his family's possession since 1792.

Tip for the Peck & Peck Girl: travel with



On the Cologne waterfront, departure point for the famed trip down the Rhine.



Entering the beautiful new Opera House on the Offenbachplatz in Cologne.



After the bath, a splash of 4711 Cologne in the tradition of continental women. A blend of fine essences, it tingles and refreshes, leaving a subtle trace of delightful fragrance.

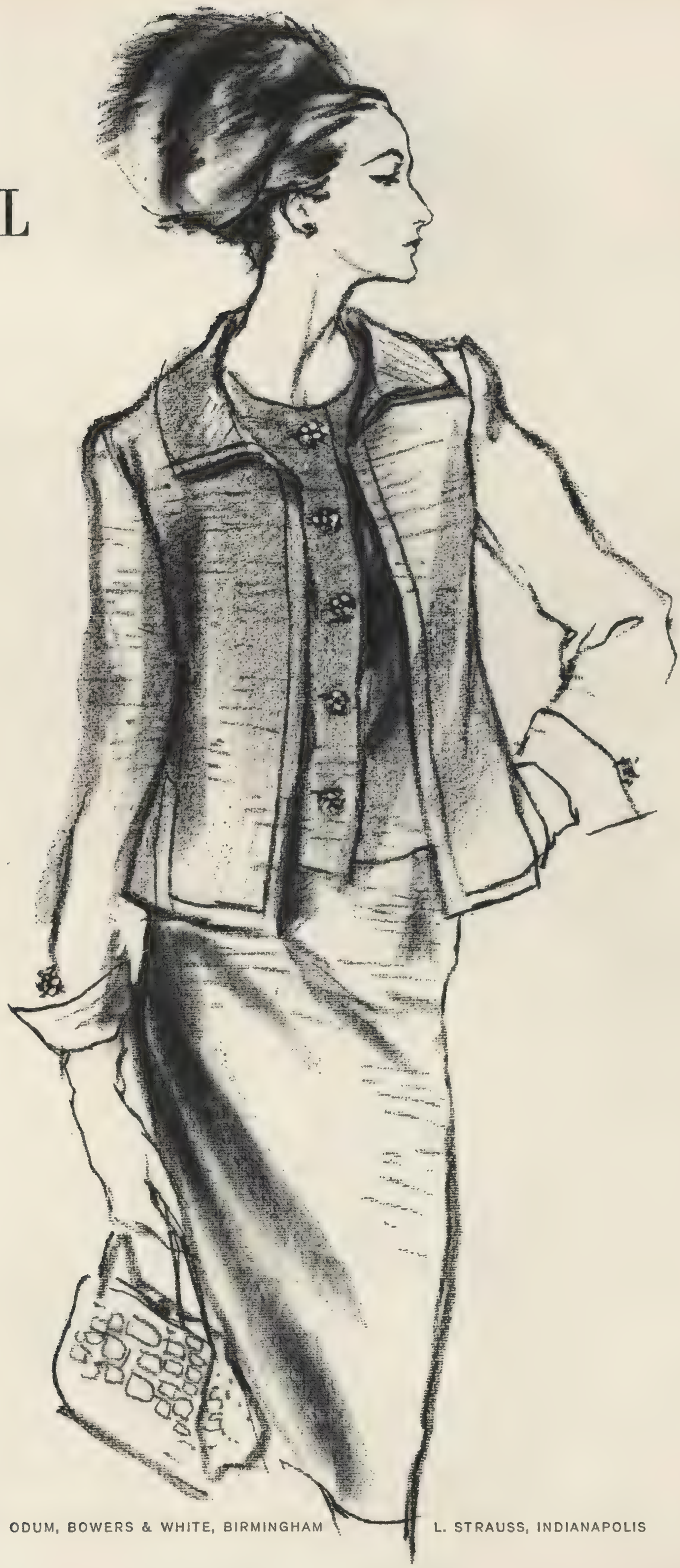
The Peck & Peck Girl follows the fine European custom of keeping 4711 on hand throughout the day—here, during a sightseeing tour of Cologne's historic art and architecture. And follows the American custom of traveling with fashions that move with ease. *Left:* Black / white diagonal tweed in wool lightened with viscose rayon, with a leather bow-belt above a panel-effect skirt. Si Bonne® lined. 5 to 15, *35.00* *Right:* One of Peck & Peck's own Carletons, famous for fine dressmaker finesse. Zephyr-light chiffon flannel with a twin-buttoned bodice, curved above an A-line skirt. In cadet blue or dove grey. 8 to 16, *40.00*



Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester • Detroit Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis St. Paul • Buffalo • Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

4711, the refreshant cologne

by
BRANELL



Gus Mayer

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE, BIRMINGHAM

L. STRAUSS, INDIANAPOLIS

METZGER'S, MOBILE



Gus Mayer

NEW ORLEANS

BERKELEY, FRESNO SELMAN'S, LOUISVILLE AL ROSENTHAL'S, OKLAHOMA CITY LEVY'S, MEMPHIS NASHVILLE BATON ROUGE JACKSON BEAUMONT

Atlanta has the largest painting in the world.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CYCLORAMA AT GRANT PARK

It also has Rich's



And Rich's has (l. to r.): Harvey Berin, Harold Levine, Malcolm Starr, Royal Lynne and almost every other great name in fashion.
Rich's, Atlanta

The impossible dream: Makeup so *'transparesscent'* it evokes a look of total perfection (almost as though you'd been born without pores or lines or any of the naked flaws even great beauties are bedevilled by)—***without seeming to be makeup at all!***

This is the new Ultima non-makeup makeup



(it's a beautiful fraud)

The impossible has happened to makeup. It has become '*transparesscent*' (covers perfectly, yet all but invisibly). You can scarcely feel it on. It is, in effect, *non-makeup*. Revlon has realized this wildest of dreams with a radical development...*souffled texture*...a lightness-plus-coverage unattainable till now.

This almost bodiless texture creates, for the first time, a look of total perfection—*without the vaguest hint of artifice!* The look stems from just 3 new 'Ultima' cosmetics. They are stunningly simple to use:

'ULTIMA II' CREME FOUNDATION: Spins out a complexion like a sweep of silk. Once applied, never touched all day...it seems to *become* your skin. Its color will not succumb to heat or skin oils. And, uncannily, no shine comes through for endless hours!

'ULTIMA II' BLUSHING CREME: The least touch sweeps warmth across your cheeks like an unexpected compliment. And you can do no wrong with this 'transparesscent' blusher—it is so blendable, so edgeless, so *atmospheric* in texture, the effect is like being seen through rose-colored glasses!

'ULTIMA II' FACE POWDER: Like air caught and velveted, it is pure 'transparesscence'—has no color of its own to change the color of your makeup beneath. Its function? To give your skin a muted lustre, a delicate see-through finish...without the slightest suspicion of being there at all.

Together, these '*non-makeups*' perpetrate the perfect fraud: a look of beauty-without-trying...a sort of within-the-skin radiance... *as though this were not makeup at all but something fed to you with a silver spoon!*



The new 'Ultima II' Makeup Series by Revlon

Shannon Rodgers



for Jerry Silverman

For fine stores and details see page 246

NOW BATHE IN CHANEL Nº 5



NEW OIL FOR THE BATH AWAKENS THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN...GIVES IT A FRESH NEW LOOK!

CHANEL

OIL FOR THE BATH 3 OZ. 5.00, EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50, BATH POWDER 5.00, SOAP 4.50 © 1963 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.







The Nutria Look
in sheer wool...in fur
designed by
Charles Cooper

From a collection starting at $90
Sizes 8-18
Bonwit Teller, N. Y., Nan Duskin, Hudson's,
Frost Bros., Joseph Horne, F&R Lazarus,
Chas. A. Stevens, The May Co., L.A.

CHARLES COOPER

FOR FINE STORES AND DETAILS SEE PAGE 236



ben Zuckerman

designed by harry shacter

JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.

IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

PATTULLO-JO COPELAND HIGHLIGHTS A DRESS OF FLUID CREPE WITH A BOWED FLOUNCE OF SILK SATIN...BLACK, RUBY, EMERALD, BROWN, NAVY.

JEROME DUCROT

IN NEW YORK AT DE PINNA







unmistakably Frank Gallant

EVAN-PICONE, 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C. All the Evan-Piconery here, about $12 to $40 per part.

Evan-Piconery!

Lane Bryant

Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street in New York City



An Original by Herbert Levy

The woman of grace takes her night life in French wool lace

...lined with silk organza, neckline bead-gleamed and belt bead-tasseled, loop-fringed at the scalloped sleeves and hemline. Instant distinction in black or beige...from America's most comprehensive selections for figure individualists, at Lane Bryant— where fashion has no size limit.

SIZES 14½ TO 30½ **$125**

ALSO ATLANTA, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, BROOKLYN, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DALLAS; DETROIT, HOUSTON, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, LOUISVILLE, MIAMI, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, ROCHESTER, SACRAMENTO, ST. LOUIS, ST. PETERSBURG, SAN DIEGO, SAN FRANCISCO, TRENTON AND SUBURBAN STORES.



The pink of perfection in mohair and wool knit, softly gathered, gently sashed. About $60. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
B. Altman & Co., Neiman Marcus, I. Magnin.

Kimberly



Wool and mohair suit, about $85. Carlye, St. Louis 3, Mo.; or 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York.

Carlye



After-five strategy...exquisite with a ruffled blouson top and a slim sliver of a skirt. Marvelously discotheque. Rich rayon crepe in black (as shown), ivory, jade. **$18.** *Junior sizes 5 to 15. Jonathan Logan, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18.*

At **LORD & TAYLOR,** *New York;* **BURDINE'S,** *Miami;* **F. & R. LAZARUS,** *Columbus;* **FOLEY'S,** *Houston;* **H. & S. POGUE,** *Cincinnati;* **RICH'S,** *Atlanta;* **THALHIMER'S,** *Richmond;* **THE EMPORIUM,** *San Francisco; and fine stores everywhere.*

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

The Arkin Girls come back in black and white



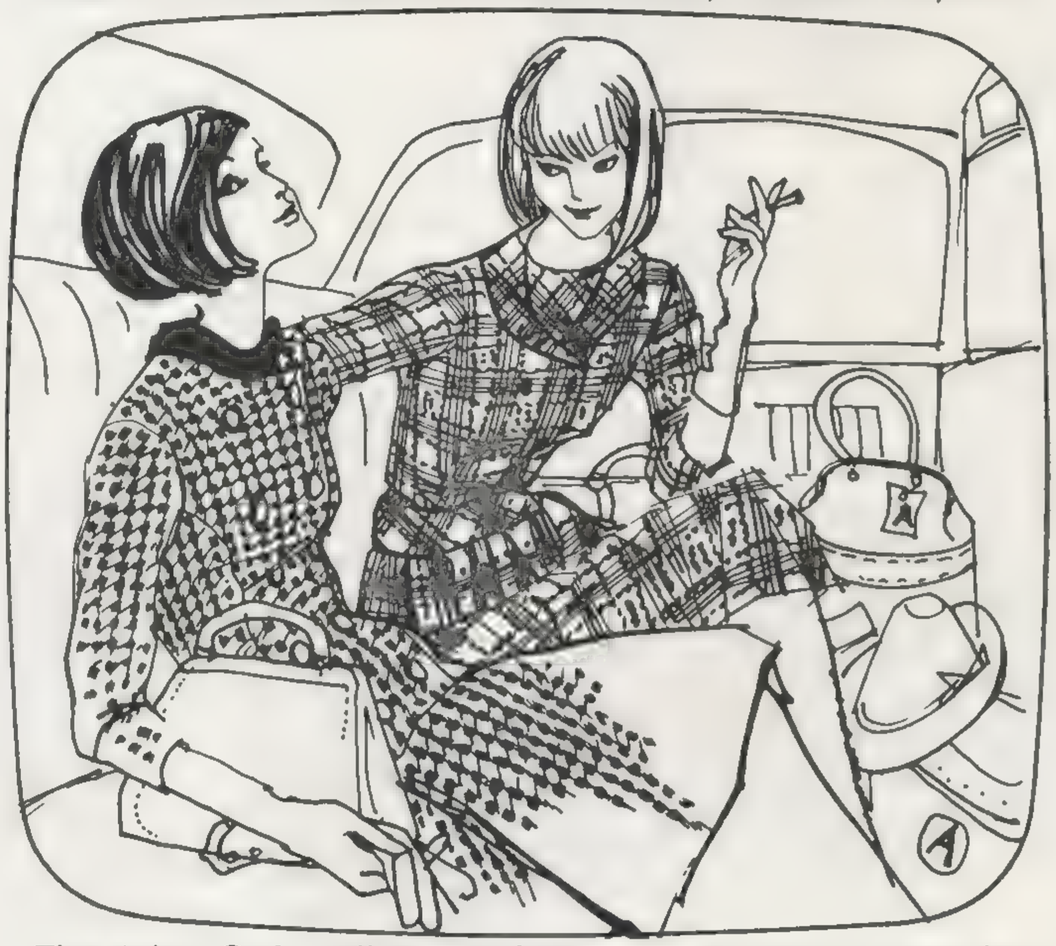
TV Cameras zero in on the return of the Twomuchables in glorious black and white. It's news—and *you are there.*



The Arkin Girls back from who knows where. Cameras close in now but Lee and Andie button up to *meet the press.*



Lee checks through Customs as candid cameras catch Andie with her jacket down. Surely *that was the peek that was.*



The Arkin Girls pull away skirting every issue in compleat pleats. Where have they been? They refuse *to tell the truth.*

Lee, the brunette, wears Leonard Arkin Couturiers at $70 to $150. Blonde Andie spends $40 to $80 for Andrew Arkin Petites: just two branches of The Arkin Family,

and living color



Off camera at last with all New York at their feet: Andie surprises pink with spinach while Lee goldbricks all over.



A ruby or two later the Arkin Girls lace it. Lee in tiers. Andie with a snowy blouse under a Smokey Suit of quilted velvet.



Andie is all blues in bright velvet atop silk peau d'ange. Lee's not jealous. She just turns green brocade after dark.



Home. And before Lee can doff her coat, the Arkin Girls in color catch a tape of the Arkin Girls in black and white.

America's first name in fashion. Your favorite store has them. If not, holler. Or write, The Arkins, 530 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y. Store listing page 40.



MOROCCO FROM A TO Z

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

ARABO-BERBER, the ethnic groups which form the fascinating dual personality of Morocco. Both are Moslem. The Arab brings the courtesy, reserve, and intellect of the Middle East; the Berber, the passion, courage, and music of a generically African people. . . . ARCHITECTURE, bubble domes, green-tiled minarets, keyhole arches, courtyards splashed by fountains; lacy plasterwork, and cool rooms lined with divans and soft-piled rugs. . . . ATLAS MOUNTAINS, the vertebrae of snow-tipped peaks running down the spine of the country. . . . ARTISANS, the heartbeat of Moroccan life; in raised cubicles on the streets they work in silver, leather, copper, wood, wrought iron, fabrics, and faïence.

BABOUCHES, the white or saffron-yellow goat leather slippers worn by Moroccan men, heelless, supple. The women's come in neon reds and greens with upturned toes, and, unfortunately, are as hard as wood. . . . BURNOOSE, a hooded, flowing cloak, tasselled. Especially glorious when Moroccan horsemen drape them over the rumps of nervous Arab mounts. . . . BLUE PEOPLE from the south, handsome, strong, and fairly fair—not blue—but they often wear blue robes, thus the name. . . . BEACHES: the length of Morocco is swept by hard, white-marbled beaches from Tangier in the north to Agadir in the south.

CONTEMPORARY—Luminous crisp-white cities, with cloverleaf highways, extravagantly modern hotels, and French-run restaurants, hairdressers, and boutiques, rim mediaeval towns, making Morocco an anachronism of age-old and ultra-new. . . . CASABLANCA, a sprawling seaport with good hotels, flowered parks, rich villas. Out on the *Corniche* at the restaurant, La Mer, one eats superb lobster with bottles of chilled white Moroccan wine while overlooking the rocky coast. Note: Casa has a fine new airport and visas are not required for American passport holders. . . . COUSCOUS, a mix of lamb, chicken, and often beef, simmered with chick peas and spices. Served on a mound of beady semolina. Like all Moroccan food it is plucked from a large central platter and eaten with the first three fingers of the right hand. . . . CASBAH, fortresses, crenellated, flanked by towers, often museums with cafés, sometimes the residences of Caïds. . . . COPPER trays, inlaid with silver of intricate design and used as the *mida*, or table tray on which the food is served. In brass or copper, they make superb coffee tables, especially if they are enormous, low, and stand on a fluffed white Moroccan goatskin rug.

DAR ES SALAM, the Royal summer palace near Rabat which may be visited on Fridays, the Moslem Sunday. Hispano-Mauresque splendour, with an electric-blue swimming pool surrounded by a pair of great green-domed pavilions. . . . DONKEYS, jogging along like mechanical toys, are everywhere. . . . DJELLABA, the bat-winged robe worn by men. The women's equivalent, severely grey or beige, buttoned to the ground, jazzed up with pink face veils dangling gold fringe which show only their jewelled eyes lined in kohl. . . . DELACROIX, the surging heroic French painter who, in 1832, toured Morocco writing his famous *Journal*, and painting "The Sultan of Morocco and His Body Guard," in Meknés. He noted that the Sultan "bore a strong resemblance to Louis-Philippe but younger . . . and wore a burnoose of fine cloth, and silver stirrups. . . ."

E for sacred eels, fat as boa constrictors, that live in a lime-green pool in the Chella of

(Continued on page 42)



Turn to page 38 for the ad.
Turn to the stores below for fashions by Leonard Arkin and Andrew Arkin.

LORD & TAYLOR—MARSHALL FIELD
I. MAGNIN—NEIMAN-MARCUS

Albany, Syracuse, N. Y., Flah's
Amarillo, Texas, White & Kirk
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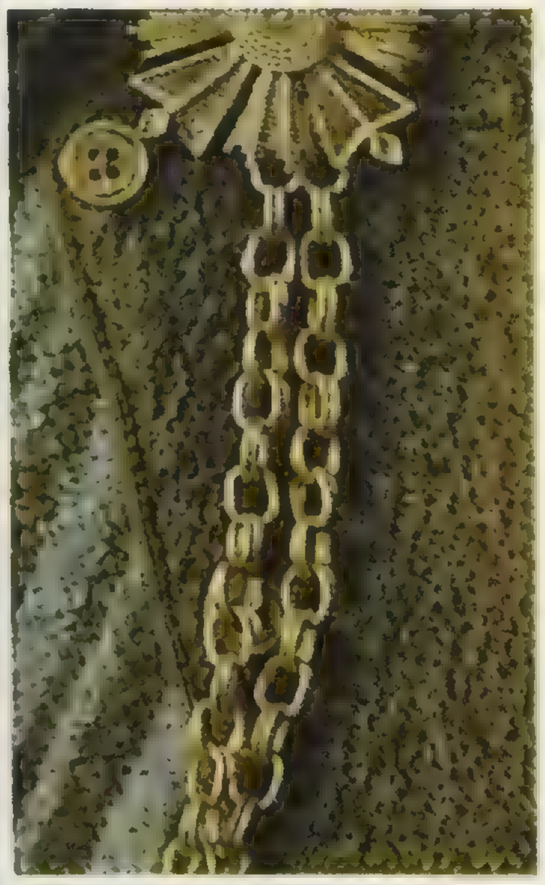
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COAST TO COAST

MOROCCO FROM A TO Z

(Continued from page 40)

Rabat where women come to pray for fecundity. In this great red-walled enclosure a Roman forum and baths stand side by side with a miniature Alhambra of 1339.

FEZ, one of North Africa's most magical cities, a network of mediaeval life in the walled and many-gated old town. (Take a guide through the yo-yo lanes, a two-hour wind from end to end.) The Palais de Fez, a palace for shopping, has, upstairs, blue and gold divans to loll on while sipping cool sweet orange juice or hot mint tea. . . . FAÏENCE, a Fez specialty in sepia, gold, tangerine, black, blue, and yellow. . . . FANTASIA, great festivals of burnoosed horsemen on Arab chargers galloping, brandishing long guns, yelling, their robes flying in the wind. (Many fantasia take place in September.) . . . FLOWERS, storms of them: wild red poppies, asphodel, buttercups, thistle, Queen Anne's lace.

GRILLWORK scrolled across gateways, balconies, gardens. At the Casbah des Ouidaias in Rabat, one artisan designs horses four feet high, squiggly bird cages, and painted birds in iron work, all quite portable, and reasonably priced. . . . GROTTO OF HERCULES, grotto at Cape Spartel on the wide Atlantic beach of Tangier. Also a swinging night place in Rabat's Hotel de la Tour Hassan, where divans are bright red, a jumpy combo plays for a caftan-clad singer of haunting Arab songs.

HAND-LOOMED brocades, rich and heavy with silver and gold at the ateliers of Ben Cherif in Fez. Royal caftans are woven here. . . . HOTELS in big Moroccan cities run from good to excellent—impeccably clean with French food and polite service, almost all have aquamarine swimming pools, pyrotechnic gardens, rooms with terraces.

IFRANE, an orange-roofed ski resort between Fez and Marrakech in the Middle Atlas mountains, with the look of Haute Savoie. . . . INCH ALLAH, translates "That Allah wills it!" The only Arab phrase one might be expected to know. . . . IBN BATTUTA, the great fourteenth-century voyager from Tangier, who with observant eye and easy pen wrote of the Near East, Russia, China, and India.

JEWELLERY, in silver or in bronze, Berber necklaces, wrist and ankle bracelets, pendants, and belts carved, inlaid with enamel and stones. (Berber women go unveiled, their faces painted, their throats and arms laden in jewels.)

KAFTAN, or caftan, the sweeping dress of Moroccan women, fastened from the neck to the toes with a hundred small braid buttons, made in satins, brocades, velvets, and embroidered silks, worn loose or belted, often with Berber jewels. . . . KSAR-EL HAMRA, in Marrakech, a memorable restaurant, a former palace. Guests, on soft divans, finger-dip spicy food while Berber dancers pluck pink mandolins and twirl about the fountain. (Bring your own wine.)

LINGUA FRANCA—naturally Arabic, particularly beautiful when written in neon. French is second, Spanish third, English fourth. . . . LEO AFRICANUS, the famous Moroccan geographer who published his definitive African travels in 1526 at the request of the Medici Pope Clement X.

MARRAKECH, the pink oasis city tucked beneath snow-capped mountains is palmy, its old quarter a pattern of pleasures: dyed skeins of wool hung under reeded awnings, cool, fresh stalls of herbs, weavers, silver workers, and jewellers. The place of Djemma el Fna is a showcase for jugglers, tumblers, snake charmers, and tireless dancing boys. Things to see: the Koutoubia Minaret (a twin of the Giralda tower in Seville), the Saadien tombs, the Ben Youssef Medersa, and the new city. *The* place to stay: the Hotel Mamounia with its balconies looking onto jungly gardens, its immense swimming pool, its Pasha palace look. . . . MEDINA the old quarter of Moroccan ci-

(Continued on page 46)

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MOROCCO FROM A TO Z

(Continued from page 42)

ties, a world of coiling streets, wrapped people, clamoring *souks* or bazaars. . . . MEKNES, a city between Rabat and Fez whose greatest glory fell under the reign of Moulay Ismail (1672-1727) who put thirty-three thousand slaves and prisoners to build his immense palace and sent ambassadors to the court of Louis XIV at Versailles with gifts of lions and ostriches. Now in ruins; still there are vestiges of grandeur within the mileage of crumbling pink walls. . . . MINT TEA, sugared, hot, strong, and sprigged with mint, always served after Moroccan meals. . . . MOGADOR, a blue and white city by the sea designed by the French engineer, Cornut, in the eighteenth century. Excellent hotels, beaches, a pretty *medina* famous for jewellers. . . . MATISSE, who in 1912-1913 lived in Tangier painting many famous "Odalisques." . . . MOULAY IDRISS, near Meknes, rises like a great white ship at sea above the grassy plain, a silhouette of green domes and spiky minarets. Founded by Moulay Idriss in the eighth century, it is the second most sacred city in Islam, purely mediaeval in its way of life, unique and mysterious. Guides take visitors through, including a hike up three hundred steps from the lower to the upper town. . . . MACHOUI, a whole baby lamb, spitted, roasted with herbs over an open fire, often at a *diffa*, great feasts offered by local chieftains at festivals.

NEJJARINE, the square and fountain in old Fez, a seventeenth-century marvel of yellow, green, and blue mosaics, beside the leafy, cedar-scented street of the carpenters.

ORANGE trees, blossoms, fruit. Orange-blossom water for seasoning food; the oranges are perhaps the biggest, juiciest, and sweetest in the world. . . . OUKAÏMEDEN, ski resort south of Marrakech, in the High Atlas mountains, with a good new hotel, ski lifts, cafés.

PEOPLE: Moroccans are polite, smiling, reserved, extraordinarily hospitable. Children often greet strangers with "*Bon 'Zour, Monsieur, Bon 'Zour, Madame.*" . . . PRICES, happily, low. (Haggling acceptable only in the bazaars.) The money, the Dirham, is five to the dollar.

QUIET.

RABAT, the capital where King Hassan II lives, is circled by rose-red walls high above the Atlantic. The bright new city stands side by side with the *medina* and its entertaining Street of the Consuls, and looks across the Bouregreg River to Salé, where Daniel Defoe was said to have been the captive of corsairs. For shopping, the Corporatim (cottage industries in all the new cities) has everything from all over Morocco: camel blankets, fabrics, jewellery, leather, pottery, copper, wood carving, babouches, and rugs in all colours and designs. Honeyed cakes and mint tea in the Casbah of the Oudaïas is an afternoon's delight. In the evening people gather at the Mauresque bar or flowered terrace of the Hôtel de la Tour Hassan, an excellent place to stay, particularly in the new wing. . . .

RIF, the glorious span of mountains, cut by streams, frosted in pink laurel, and

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peopled by shepherds, a magnificent drive between Tangier and Rabat. . . .

ROADS, excellent, not super thruways, but macadamized and, except for donkeys or sheep, fairly traffic free. Cars are rentable everywhere; there are also fine bus tours. . . .

ROYAL AIR MAROC, the national air line connecting Morocco with Madrid, Paris, Marseilles, Rome, mostly by Caravelle. Also feeder lines within the country. Pan-American flies directly from New York to Casablanca, touching down at Lisbon.

SOUKS, the bazaars or stalls of the market in the *medinas*, where vendors often sit cross-legged, swing out on a rope to give produce to the buyer. . . . STORKS nest in the ramparts of casbahs, on the capitols of Roman ruins, flap their great black and white wings, sail through the skies like Piper Cubs. . . . SAFI, big, busy port in the south, where tons of tuna and sardines are fished.

TANGIER, the gateway to Morocco, twenty minutes across the Straits of Gibraltar, is a scramble of charms, languages, nationalities. Great hotels: The Rif and El Minzah. Vast floury beaches, a steep *medina*, squares with cafés, and a range of night-clubs from strip places to casinos. Many of the fine houses of residents are out on "The Mountain," but Barbara Hutton's house is a pasha's palace in the *medina* (always pointed out by guides). The cafés of the Petit Socco, a famous Tangier square, seem to be filled with those Americans known as "beat." . . . TÉTUAN, east of Tangier, evokes Seville with its grilled balconies, hobnailed portals, and hand-some people who speak Spanish and parade around the Plaza de España in the *paseo* til midnight. . . . TAFRAOUTE, in the south, has houses of rose granite climbing a mountain of rose granite; fortified casbahs in brown and ochre; gardens of Barbary fig trees, date palms, and flowering cactus.

UNIVERSITIES, the *medersas*, ancient, fountain-cooled Koranic schools of law and theology where students spend years studying the religion of Islam. Visitable afternoons, Fridays.

VOLUBILIS, near Meknes, a stretch of tawny, flower-strewn Roman ruins which in 217 A.D. was a thriving city of fifteen thousand. In spring, Caracalla's arch becomes a stage on Saturday nights for plays given in French.

WINES. Vineyards produce many wines; the best, Chaudsoleil and Valpierre, fresh, dry white wines; the Rosé Boulaouane, a *gris* or grey rosé, really golden-pink.

XAUEN, a sacred city carved into a Rif mountain hillside, has pale-blue houses with orange roofs. Women, ghost-veiled, drift through tunnelled streets; men, in brown-hooded djellabas, play checkers silently in cafés. The delightful parador has modern rooms, a panelled bar, a small fresh swimming pool.

YEAR, the time of, to go: September and October; or April and May when the countryside explodes in wildflowers.

ZELLIGES, the cool tiles in electric-blues, greens, yellows, paving patios, fountains, walls, and floors that give Moroccan buildings the look of having been washed and dried every night.

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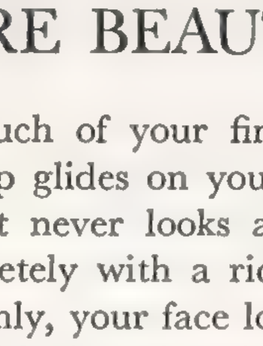
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A NEW BEAT: TOPICAL FOLK SINGERS, THEIR SONGS

A report on the new, raw and accusing spokesmen for the young: Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, who set to music their fury, their sadness —and their hope.

BY BETTY ROLLIN

It was hootenanny night at the Club 47 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Guitar cases, some of them homemade, lined the short, concrete stairway leading to the club's double barn doors. The cases were held or leaned on by young men in blue jeans, Western boots, Eastern boots, no boots. Hair hung long, on the front and on the back of heads, and faces were surprisingly friendly. Now and then, the door opened, someone would lean out, breathe, and dip back inside.

The Club 47 is nationally known, not only as Boston's equivalent to New York's Gaslight (a centre of folk activity in Greenwich Village), but for keeping a no-nonsense-be-quiet-and-listen-policy that makes it *the* haunt of serious folk singers and serious folk audiences on the East Coast.

Inside it is dark, and the air is mainly smoke. But there ends the resemblance to coffeehouses of the old beat days. The main room, which sprawls out to the right, looks more like a Quaker meetinghouse than a young people's hangout. And the young people—students mostly—seated on wooden bridge chairs behind long, narrow, wooden tables, face the small stage with big eyes and mute respect.

They are typical (with hair that is, however long, clean) of a new audience of questioning and critical teen-agers and college students who listen to folk songs which are not so much folksy as they are newsy. The songs are called topical. They are. And, carried along by the already famous singers, as well as the new writer-performers, they are moving across the country like a high pressure area.

* * *

On a bench near the door of the Club 47, the upcoming performers sat, fingered their instruments, whispered among themselves, and paced the wooden floor like fighters.

"Whiskey, whiskey, keeps me movin' all the time," sang a nice-looking boy with glasses and a twang (sublimely unaware of trends, topical or old). The heavy doors opened, and a small girl slipped in. Short straight hair covered most of her face; a shaggy wool sweater covered most of her. Looks were exchanged on the bench. To the knowing, her presence meant one thing: advance notice of another presence. Fifteen minutes later, at eleven o'clock, the door opened again.

"Ah said, don't cry baby, ah'm so happy my baby come back to meee," wailed the singer on the stand.

The "other presence" moved in as if she had just come out of the rain. She sat down on a step and hugged her knees, her eyes fixed on the singer. Her hair was long and black. Her feet were long, and black on the bottom. . . . She was Joan Baez, and nobody at the 47 turned around to stare. They knew better.

Joan Baez, the twenty-three-year-old melancholy folk goddess, was doing something she had done before and probably

(Continued on page 82)

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Alton, Ill. .....The Vogue
Amherst, N.Y. .....Jenss Dept. Store
Anderson, Ind. .....Banner Store
Ann Arbor, Mich. .....Goodyear's
Asbury Park, N. J. .....Steinbach Co.
Asheville, N. C. .....Ivey's
Atlanta, Ga. .....J. P. Allen
Augusta, Ga. .....Frank Goldberg
Benton Harbor, Mich. ...The Petite Shoppe
Birmingham, Ala. .....Taylors
Bloomington, Ill. .....Rolands
Boston, Mass. .....Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Inc.
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Charlotte, N. C. .....Best Shops
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Columbus, Ga. .....J. A. Kirven Co.
Davenport, Iowa .....Goodell's
Dayton, Ohio .....The Rike-Kumler Co.
Des Moines, Iowa .....Feldmann's
Des Plaines, Ill. .....C. W. M. Brown
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Flint, Mich. .....The Vogue
Ft. Wayne, Ind. .....Wolf & Dessauer
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Waterloo, Iowa .....Sweeney's
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*Slightly higher in the West.

Angela looks like an angel in Adelaar

Angela Howard is a great beauty. And, our favorite fashion model. We love the way our clothes look on her. Soft, easy and utterly feminine...the look Adelaar believes in. Suit in scotch, winter navy, red and winter green, about $30.00.* Pure silk Iguana print blouse in matching colors, about $12.00.* Both, in sizes 10 to 18. At the fine stores listed here and on opposite page. For store nearest you, write Adelaar, 525 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Frost Bros., San Antonio; J. W. Robinson, California.

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVISCO FIBERS



Fred Perlberg does.

The Season's soon to begin and this is one dress that'll open it with a bang. Not only because it's dazzling in style and fit, but because it's woven of Avisco® rayon and acetate. That means it will dance all night or sit out a few, without ever looking less than smooth, sleek, richly colorful and lustrous.

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BLOOMSBURG'S "Crepe Chiara," woven of Avisco rayon and acetate. Sizes 6-16. In white with green or black with cerise. Fred Perlberg Originals, Inc. available at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Joseph Magnin Co., San Francisco.

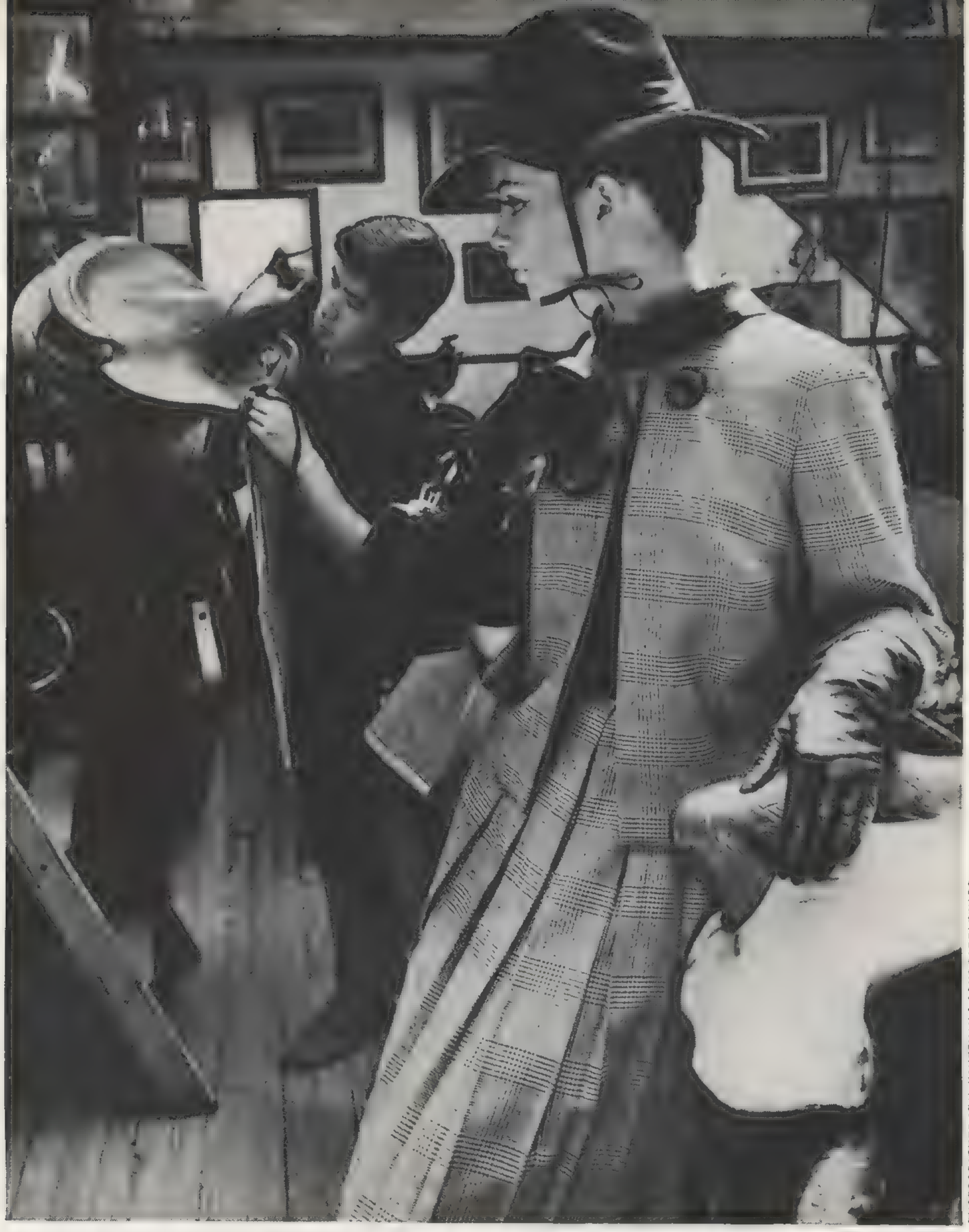
Does your face fall apart at 4:00 o'clock?

Ever notice the earth when it hasn't rained? Parched, caked, dusty, seamy! Like make-up on a dry skin. Powers Fluid Gold Moisture Control keeps your skin moist all day. Smooth it on before you apply your make-up. Then see how evenly your make-up goes on. Foundation, rouge, powder—how flawlessly they blend, how miraculously they become part of you and stay that way! The exclusive Powers Aquacel keeps your skin moist, dewy, fresh, *natural,* the whole day through. Keeps your make-up looking like *you,* not like make-up. Want your face to stay with you till the last minute of the day? *First* minute of the day use **Powers Fluid Gold Moisture Control.**



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SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES



PHOTOGRAPHED AT H. KAUFFMAN & SONS SADDLERY CO.

L'AIGLON IS NOT FOR EVERY WOMAN.



The woman of taste prefers the small, perfect gem to the diamond as big as the Ritz, imperceptibly flawed. She favors the two course dinner, beautifully prepared and served, over the showy Lucullan feast. She chooses her riding clothes for their nice balance between the casual and the correct. And she selects L'Aiglon for its happy proportion of the new and the traditional that's always the mark of good clothes. Could there be a better example than this plaid of Orlon acrylic and viscose rayon? Black/white; brown/white. 8/18. $30.00. At fine stores everywhere.* *DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK*

L'Aiglon Apparel, Inc., 1400 Broadway, N.Y. 18.

VISITING THE WORLD'S FAIR? SEE THIS AND OTHER L'AIGLONS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN THE BETTER LIVING BUILDING.



New! Sportswear with the better *comfort-giving* stretch: 'Lycra'® from Du Pont.

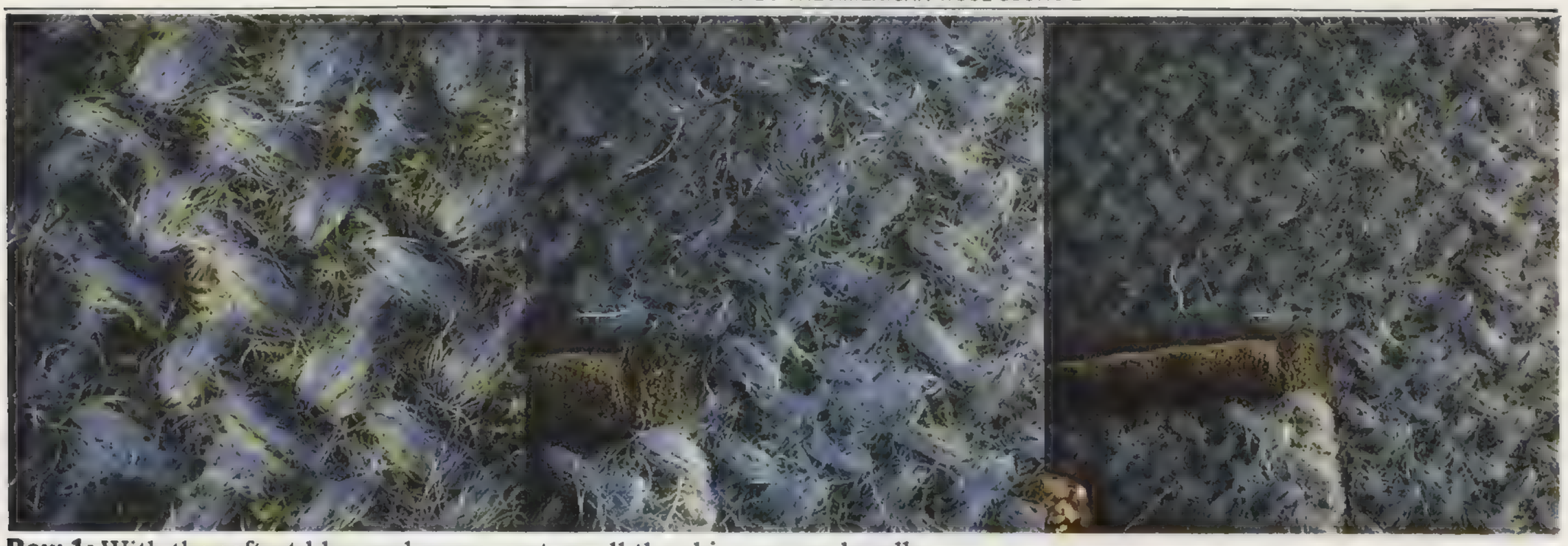
Greatness comes in stretch these days—thanks to remarkable "Lycra". Puts play into this great, going gabardine with "Dacron" and "Avril"†— just the right give, that never gets out of shape. Result: a sportsuit sensational! Pants. 8-18. $15. Blouson top. S-M-L. $15. Turf green, paprika, curry. At Godchaux's, New Orleans; Burdine's, Miami; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Bonwit Teller, N.Y. & branches; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. By JACK WINTER.*

OUTFIT: "Dacron" polyester, "Avril"†, "Lycra"* spandex.*
**Du Pont's registered trademarks. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or fashions shown. †Trademark of American Viscose Corp.*
Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Wooletin

VOL. I WW-3764 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL



Row 1: With the softest blue and green, cast on all the chic you can handle.



Row 2: Continue tweeding until suit takes the shape of fashion '64.



Row 3: Bind off beautifully, and there you are—well-dressed/wool-dressed.

WOOL

DALTON MASTERS THE FINE ART OF TWEEDERY

Row 1: The news in knits is tweedery, a fascinating blending of color on color. Here, Dalton melts a misty blue and a mossy green into an envied look that looks handmade.

Row 2: From texture depth comes surface interest; from three parts comes one look—easy, but never offhand—and the result is quietly smashing. Dalton's fabric of natural wool keeps its shape, sheds its wrinkles, is knitted right here in the U.S.A.

Row 3: Suit yourself in sizes 8-18, also in red/green, for about $85. At the nicest stores, whose names will be sent to you if you write to Dept. 37, American Wool Council, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

4: True . . . in Boston, 134 years ago! At least that's where and when the poem was written by Mrs. Sarah Hale, who said the incident was true.

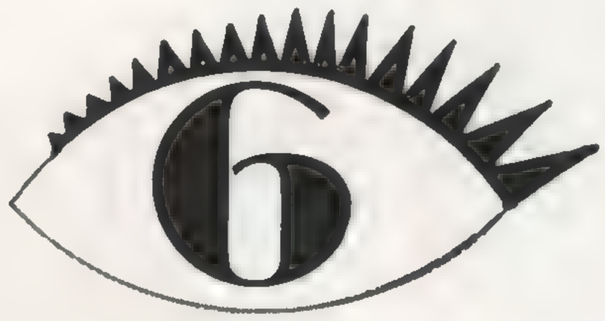
4: "Mary had a little lamb."

True or false?



AZIZA

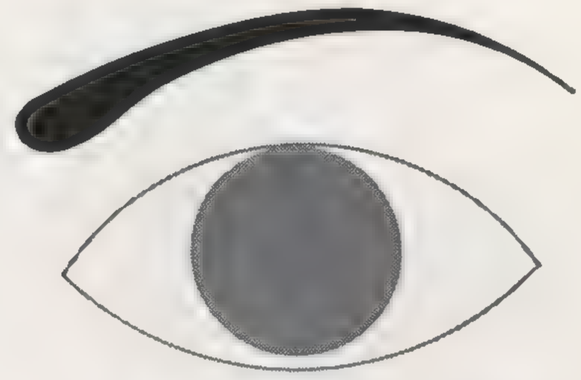
TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF EYE MAKE-UP



Did you know black mascara now comes in 6 different colors?

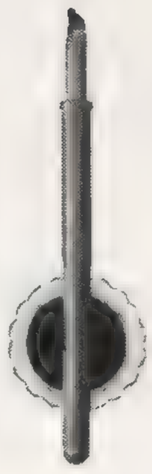
Only Aziza brings you black mascara with a flattering overtone of color . . . two colors artfully blended into one. Called Tone-on-Tone Brush-on Mascara, these color-struck blacks sweep your lashes into a fringed halo of deep, alluring *colorful* black. Best of all, the subtle overtone of color highlights your own eye color. Choose from six different Tone-on-Tone shades now at cosmetic counters everywhere.





Is there a new way to make up brows?

Yes—softly, naturally, and most of all, easily! So away with breakable waxy pencils . . . on with new "Natural Brow." This Brush-On Eyebrow Color by Aziza is a soft, easy-to-use powder. Looks more natural than pencilled brows—lasts longer, too. And it comes with its own brush—specially tapered for easy shaping of the line you want. Color tip: for your most flattering "Natural Brow" shade, see page 24 of the "Guide to Eye Beauty" booklet.*

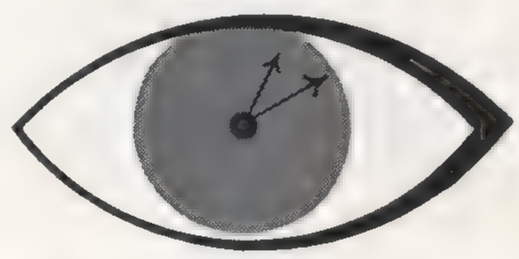




Does lid liner go with glasses?

Eye make-up should be more vivid with glasses because the lens reflections tend to obscure the eyes a bit. That's why it's so important to wear Aziza Liquid Lid Liner (10 colors to choose from). This Lid Liner is so finely textured, colors look smooth—even when glasses magnify! Another hint for looking spectacular in your specs: use Aziza Lid Liner on lower lids, too.





Can tired eyes be prettied-up quickly?



All you need is five minutes and Aziza Saturated Herbal Eye Pads to do the trick. First remove eye make-up, then lie down and close your eyes. Place a soothing pad over each eyelid and relax while Aziza helps soothe puffy, tired eyes and relieve lines caused by tension and fatigue. Extra refreshing when you keep your Aziza Saturated Herbal Eye Pads chilled in the refrigerator.

* **Only Aziza gives you a 24-page "Guide to Eye Beauty" booklet with every purchase . . . there's one in every eye make-up package.**

Aziza EYE COSMETICS BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI



Zelinka Matlick goes Left Bank in this spirited young suit of Criss-Cross, Einiger's textured fur-blend wool. The motion skirt is made for long strides. Only Einiger could make green this great. So young! So alive! Also available in gold or blue. Sizes 8-16. About $100.* At finer stores. Write Einiger Mills, Inc. 111 West 40th St., New York 10018

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES SHOES: FIORENTINA HAT: MR. JOHN

ever have a kitten serve you caviar?



be our guest for Caviar Calf!

This is the delectable, fresh look Paradise Kittens/ Kitten-ettes bring to calf this season. Subtly grained. Quietly elegant.
Our little feline friend here serves it in a posh new pump, accented with a sleek, folded top line, promising an endless caress.
Sample our many other Caviar Calf appetizers in colors unlimited—all sporting a younger look . . . an even softer, lighter touch that puts a purr in every pair.

paradise

Kittens Kitten-ettes

THE WHISPER
in today's 3 fashionable heel heights
About $16.00

Brauer Bros. Shoe Co. • 4065 Forest Park Blvd. • St. Louis 8, Mo.

TEAL TRAINA



Left; The swivel tunic
in grey flannel, 145.00
Right; The Grenadier check
in gossamer wool, 125.00

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THE UNION
COLUMBUS, OHIO

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Specialty Stores Association

GEORGIA BULLOCK



The soft touch in an exciting new fabric—shredded wool. A completely feminine two piece dress. White wine, cameo pink, chive, camel, jonquil, garnet, drake. 6 to 16. About 125.00 122 E. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

HAT BY LESLIE JAMES



Great theater, the impeccable wool evening suit by the talented Ben Zuckerman. Crystal Room.

HUDSON'S
the Woodward Shops
DETROIT

NAN DUSKIN • DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM • BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE • HOLT RENFREW & CO. LTD., CANADA



UMPA—United Mink Producers Association, Janesville, Wis.

BECHTOLD



A ritter ORIGINAL

RITTER BROS., INC., 224 West 30th STREET, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Tyrian Glo-the newest Mutation Mink in a magnificent smoky taupe color





Bill Blass originals, circa 1964, for Maurice Rentner





For fashion buffs, a reprint of this ad is available by writing to Maurice Rentner, Ltd. at 408 Seventh Avenue, New York



Christian Dior - New York at Frost Bros. *San Antonio*



ABE SCHRADER

Abe Schrader's silken "Stardom" costume with its lush imported lace bodice. About $125.00. Sizes 8 to 20 at fine stores everywhere. Designed by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York.



This filmy, flattering, sensuous gown and peignoir of superb Enka nylon tricot is by Contessa.

Sometimes it's really delicious being a woman.

ENKA NYLON

The gown has hand-detailed applique embroidery all around; white with pink; white with blue. Petite, small, medium, large. About $9. The peignoir, same colors and sizes, has scalloped sleeves. The set is about $20. See it at Stern's, N.Y.; Stewart & Co., Balt.; Higbee Company, Cleve.; Broadway Department Store, L.A.; Gimbels-Schusters, Milw.; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.. American ENKA Corp., Enka, N.C. Producer of nylon • polyester • rayon • yarns • fibers • Zantrel® Polynosic® rayon.



Before or After Dark: Knits from Italy and Hong Kong • *Two-piece, sequined dress, above, about $110*. Below, Italian knit, with cape, about $70*. At these fine stores: Broadstreet's, New York and Chicago / B. Gertz, Long Island, New York / Morris B. Sachs, Chicago / Roy Bjorkman, Minneapolis, Minnesota / The Fashion Shops, California / Fritzel's, Milwaukee, Wisconsin / Albert Steinfeld, Tucson, Arizona • For nearest store, write: ROMIA, Inc. 1384 Broadway, New York 18 • West Coast Showrooms: 821 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.*

ROMIA



**Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.*

START a
BEAUTY
REVOLUTION
of your
OWN
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Dr Payot



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the way chic
Parisiennes do.

French women have long been wise in the ways of beauty . . . they use DR. PAYOT'S cosmetics and beauty treatment preparations.

Dr. Payot, the celebrated woman dermatologist, built her reputation by catering to the unique needs of every skin and by helping women to accent their best features. Now this wonderful collection of beauty aids is available in the United States in the finest department and specialty stores . . . a wonderful opportunity for you to discover how Dr. Payot's "prescribed" method can show you the way to discover hidden loveliness.

Dr Payot

from France with love for a lovelier complexion.

595 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

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10 Rue de Castiglione
Paris, France

Available in the finest stores, such as Lord & Taylor, N.Y.



Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

Sheath and jacket in 100% imported camel hair. Fully fashioned. Belt and binding in capeskin leather. Camel with ivory belt, ivory with luggage. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Texas; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.



A NEW BEAT: TOPICAL FOLK SINGERS, THEIR SONGS

(Continued from page 60)

would do again: Preceded by a travelling companion. who dulled the impact of her arrival, she was dropping in at the old club in her old clothes. . . . Just like in the old days. Almost.

". . . play on your sly trombone. . . ."

Jerry Corbett, a long drink of water from Georgia, was singing "Charlie Green." Joan Baez started to hum along, then sing along, and soon she was up there, singing alone. She sang a ballad, then another. Her lips were dry. Her head was like a teardrop. She stopped.

"I was just in Lexington, Kentucky," she drawled into the microphone, tuning her guitar. "I thought you went to Kentucky to watch the races, but they tell you to bet. . . . Bet on a horse, any horse, they say. And somebody from *Sports Illustrated* asks you what horse. I bet on a horse, a nice shiny horse. He came in seven steps behind." She leaned forward with a half-smile. "But I didn't tell the guy from *Sports Illustrated*." Plink. Another song: "Stewball"—about a horse.

The audience was warm. This was the Joan Baez they knew. Blue jeans, torn turtleneck T-shirt, gently snide, gently knocking the outside world, gently singing gentle songs. The next song came unexpectedly and with no introduction:

"How many years can some
people exist,
before they're allowed to
be free? . . .
How many times can a man
turn his head,
and pretend he just
doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is
blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the
wind."

No one moved; cigarettes burned out. . . . The words came harder:

"How many years must one
man have,
before he can hear people
cry?
How many deaths will it
take 'til he knows
that too many people have
died?
The answer, my friend, is
blowin' in the wind.
The answer is blowin' in the
wind."

The applause continued moments after Joan Baez and her guitar had returned to their corner—perhaps because it was not only for Joan Baez, but for someone who never showed up and didn't have to: Bob Dylan, whose song, "Blowin' In The Wind," had just displaced the smoke at the Club 47.

Bob Dylan, one of the greatest and most prolific folk song writers of the era, is twenty-three, scruffy, blond, unshaven, skinny, and, at first glance, as appealing as pot cheese. He is from Hibbing, Minnesota, where, according to a self-portrait in verse, he "ran away from home at 10, 13, 15, 15½, 17, and 18," and was "caught an' brought back all but once."

Although Dylan, with his puny voice and plain-talk poetry, is indisputably unique ("I'm not a folk singer, man—I jes' write conversations with myself—an' I never think, I never think, I never think") he rides highest of all on the new wave of writer-performers of topical songs.

Most topical songs are about integration and peace; specifically they zero in on Medgar Evers, Birmingham, Mississippi, Fallout, Cuba, Vietnam, John Birch; while others account for The Spring Hill Mine Disaster, Hollis Brown, God, direct dialling, et al. "The music ain't much, it's the words," said Dylan.

There is nothing new about topical songs. The "Marseillaise" was topical when it was written during the French Revolution; folk music, traditionally, is supposed to comment on the times; and Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie were turning out topical songs before Dylan was born. But, aside from new topics, there is something decidedly new about the way topical songs have caught on.

"We're the publishers of Gershwin, Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml, and Sigmund Rom-

berg," said Mr. Arthur Mogull of music publishers, M. Witmark & Sons, "and Dylan is selling better than any of them. In the last year and a half his songs have been featured on more than seven million record albums." A million are Dylan's own.

According to *Billboard* record charts, almost every one of the top twenty folk albums has included recently at least three or four topical songs—by Dylan and others. Previously cheerful commercial groups such as The Kingston Trio, The Brothers Four, and the Chad Mitchell Trio are, on their newest albums—soberly titled, *Time To Think, The Brothers Four Sing of Our Times,* and *Reflecting*—suddenly solemn, singing songs of Current Issues. Judy Collins, who has been known for her sweet-tempered folk songs, when last heard from was replacing Mountain Dew with Fallout. Even altogether non-folk singers—Lena Horne, Bobby Darin, Lawrence Welk, among others—now blast forth Dylan-isms. Peter, Paul, and Mary, the number one group on most record lists, folk and otherwise, have rarely had a single record quite as big as "Blowin' In The Wind"; and their latest largely topical album, *In The Wind,* is selling like gin in the summer.

Joan Baez has endorsed Dylan to the extent that, besides singing his songs, she regularly brings *him* on to sing *his* songs at *her* concerts. The ready-made Baez worshippers (mainly young, Beatle-hating city intellectuals) have gone along, embracing Dylan like a charisma from the Gopher State. Some people in the field now attribute Joan Baez's own staying power to her taking up the Dylan cry.

"I don't want to blast at them [the audience] all evening," replied Miss Baez softly, in answer to a question about her "conversion" to topical songs. "But the issues are so pressing. . . . Of course, a lot of the new songs are terrible. But Bobby is a phenomenon. His songs shake the earth."

There is, especially, something new in that topical songs and their writer-performers reflect a kind of social awareness and responsibility that, in the fifties, would have been considered square by their young, now reverent followers.

Mary Travers (of Peter, Paul, and Mary) attributed "the revolution" to an increase in communications. "These days problems are everywhere—on television, on the radio, in the newspapers. Young people are exposed to them. They grow dissolute—or they start to care."

Others, Jac Holzman, head of Elektra Records, for one, pointed to the combined youth and action of the Kennedy administration as the main catalyst.

"In the fifties young people had a rebellion without a cause. In the sixties we have so many causes we don't know what to sing, write, or just do something about first," explained Phil Ochs, another outstanding and prolific writer in the protests-set-to-music movement. "There's been a real switch from [James] Dean to Dylan," he continued. "Dean had no message, y'see, but Dylan—Dylan doesn't give answers outright, but he's asking questions all the time—and they're good questions—and nobody says, 'What does he mean by that?' His images are clear. In 'Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall,' for instance [a post-bomb song], he says: '. . . black branch with blood that kept dripping'; and in another place, 'I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken.' . . . He's not writing about no highway of love."

Phil Ochs, who is twenty-three, good-looking, and clear-headed, isn't writing about "no highway of love" either. While Ochs has not achieved Dylan's commercial success, nor simulated his "mad poet" image, his songs, some of which he recorded in an album called, *All The News That's Fit To Sing,* are more melodic than Dylan's, the humour dryer, and the words as pungent. In "Talking Birmingham Jam," he wrote how he

(Continued on page 130)


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Be suited...under the sun in the faultless excellence of tweed

Handmacher

COMPLETE WITH ITS OWN SHEER WOOL OVERBLOUSE LASHED WITH A LEATHER BELT. ABOUT $100
BLOOMINGDALE'S • B. FORMAN CO. • BEST'S APPAREL • H. C. CAPWELL • G. FOX & CO. • GUS BLASS
HIGBEE CO. • REGENSTEIN'S • CHAS. A. STEVENS • STIX, BAER & FULLER • JOHN WANAMAKER
At stores listed here and on opposite page.



elegant simplicity in
basket weave cloque costume
with satin blouse
by Helga
at
DE PINNA—STANLEY KORSHAK
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Sun summation

As this year's summer turns autumn, a suntan summation begins to shape up—how the better suntans (those not too dark, not too light, but just right) were acquired seemed to us worth a quiet check. What we found was this: an impressive number of creamy, clinging, non-tarnishing suntans came out of a pair of bottles planned as a tanning team, and used that way by a delighted and vocal batch of sun-absorbers. Called Alo-Cosmetics Cabana Set, the team consists of a tanning lotion and a tan-retaining liquid, both of these based on gel from the historically and mysteriously effective aloe vera plant. Although we've mentioned Alo-Cosmetics' name before and cited its source (a laboratory in Fort Lauderdale—thence to various shops, including Altman's), we are moved to mention it again, what with sunned skin a year-round look. . . . One active Alo protagonist also urges us to announce, as a public service, the remarkable way in which Alo-Cosmetics Sunburn Relief, a still other Alo, flies to the rescue of sunburned skin. Going all teary-eyed at the thought of this product is a Bimini fisherwoman whom we know; she considers it Florence Nightingale dressed in a plastic container. . . .

Big

Trend-collecting our way across the season, we will wait not another moment to point out what appears to us to be a coming thing: the enclosing of face powders, lipsticks, and other handbag-carried cosmetics in, suddenly, much larger and therefore more findable cases. Upper-case cases, we've begun to call them. . . . The big, bright, zinnia-coloured compacts called Funflowers by Revlon are a case in point. And there'll be other outsizes coming along in other categories of make-up. When a case is of plastic, it's light, no matter how large—and look at all that extra mirror-space the larger compact can pack. . . .

Leg improvement by the foot

Some legs aren't what they could be because the foot isn't working the way it should work. Immediately after the deep-winter boot virus subsided last winter, an astonishing number of feet found themselves in trouble on their return to real shoes. The trouble: a toe in a temporarily rheumatic and stiffened state, the result of a dispirited metatarsal arch that had enjoyed excessively soft living in glove-soft, flat-heeled boots day after day. One orthopaedic man of our medical acquaintance has gone on to observe the following: among his patients reporting toe-joint trouble, the pattern almost always goes this way: a troubled big toe of a right foot indicates a right-handed woman; trouble on the left, a left-handed woman. Uncanny? Not at all, it seems. Almost everyone is right-sided or left-sided—and in moving into a walk or run, the foot that strikes out first concurs with one's sided-ness. Left- or right-sided, incidentally, a tense individual pushes off tensely and tends to put inordinately heavy wear on the take-off foot. . . . An uncomfortable foot, stiff in its movement, or restricted by pain from taking a fully exercised stride, prevents the benefits of walking from reaching up into the muscles of the leg. . . . Foot improvement: leg improvement, automatically. . . .

Throat note

Not that we believe in wearing make-up on the neck—we don't. (Foundation colours ought to be chosen in tones close enough to the skin's own colour to allow the neck to be clear of make-up most of the time.) Even so, pearls, and the strings upon which they are strung, do seem to pick up a fair amount of powder, oil, and stain from the atmosphere; enough to make restringing a frequent bore. Joy, therefore, was our immediate emotion when we met a thing called Pearl Care. Given five minutes' working time, this liquid manages to get pearls and their string into vastly improved shape—whether the pearls are Oriental, cultured, or simulated. Although Pearl Care, with its plastic-toothed brush, is perfectly able to cleanse any sort of jewellery, it was its work on pearls that struck us especially as having specific bearing on beauty. Even the loveliest throat can't really rise above dingy pearls. . . . Pearl Care: at Hammacher-Schlemmer; I. Magnin. . . .


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Extract, Perfume Mist, Eau de Lanvin, Dusting Powder, Talc, Soap, Bath Oil.

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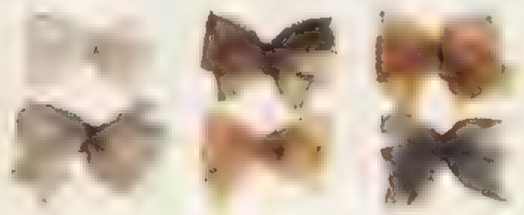
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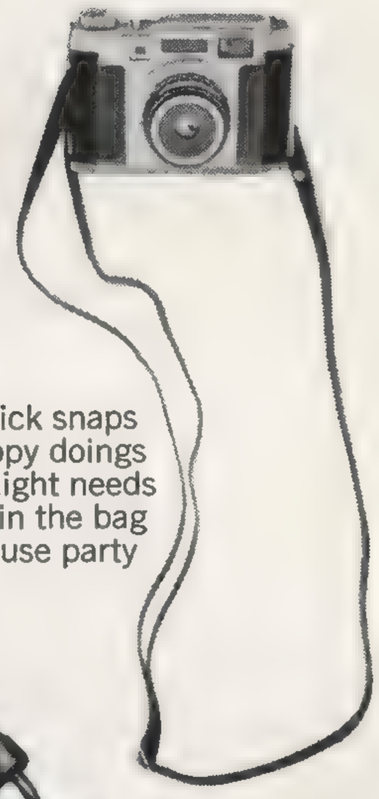
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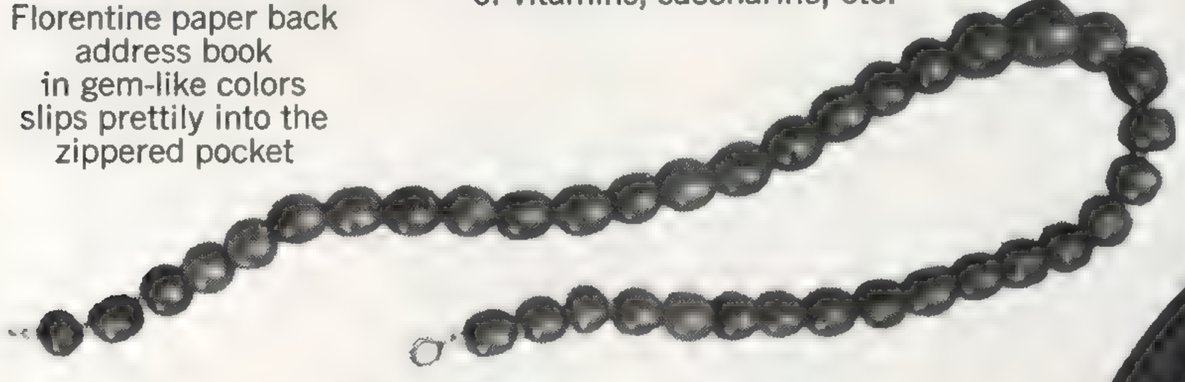
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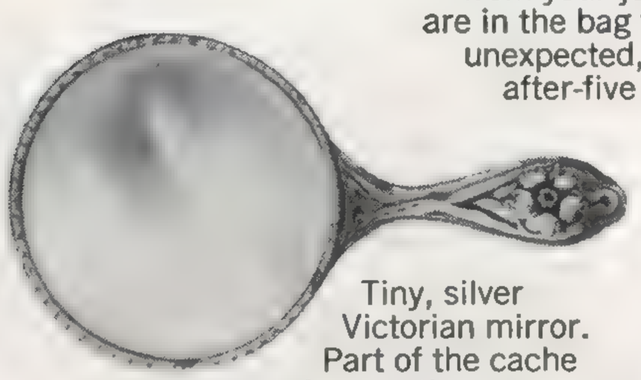
The wide-eyed, owlish look of gargantuan sun specks—wise protection plus flair and fun for street or ski



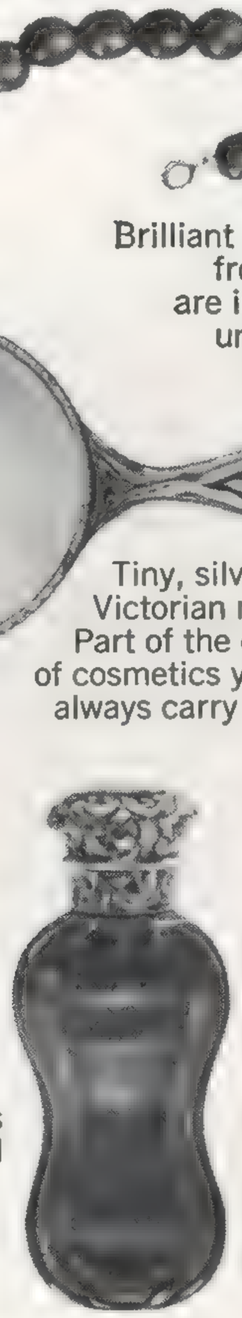
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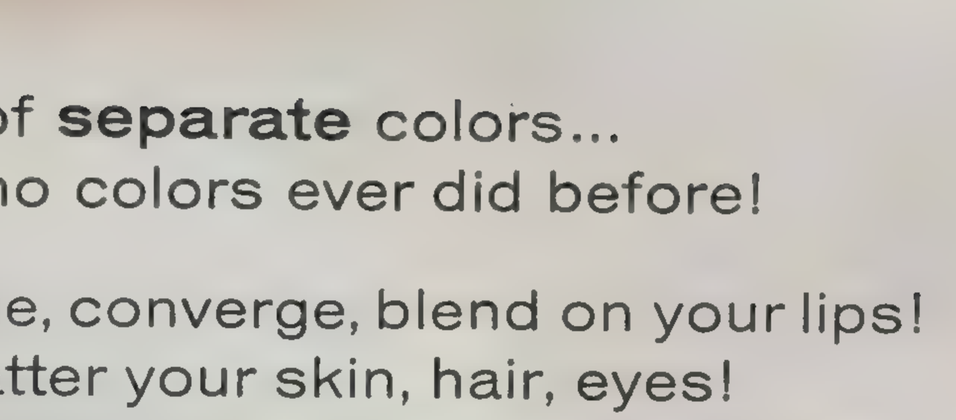
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This is the shirt of tomorrow—ready for you to enjoy today. In Easy Living® stretch. Light blue, white, pink or beige. Sizes 8 to 18. About $12.
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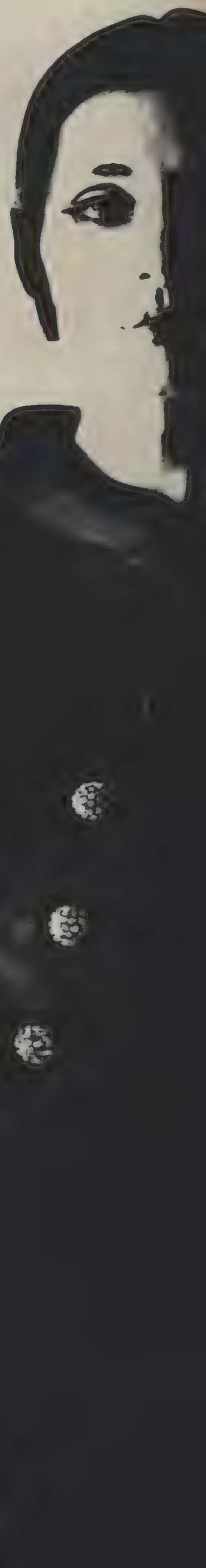
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theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

IN LONDON: OTHELLO, *"deeply personal upheaval"*

At the new National Theatre of which he is director, Sir Laurence Olivier plays the lead in *Othello*, and, indeed, he leads all the way. He is an eloquent, moving Othello, but the tragedy as a whole is less well served than the rôle of the Moor. Understandably, Olivier has set out to put Othello in the commanding position which he rightly deserves and which generations of ingenious critics and ambitious actors have claimed for Iago. His Othello is an authoritative, confident figure who pronounces Shakespeare's English with the over-perfect exactness of a foreigner exploring the richness of the language. Addressing Desdemona, he takes the tone of an indulgent parent, and he is nearly as patronizing to everyone else. Faced with the unfamiliar trials of domestic life, this splendid human machine breaks down in the successive stages of frenzy, hysteria, and Othello's calmer weeping against the wall when he exclaims, "The pity of it!" His collapse is a deeply personal upheaval, not merely an automatic response to Iago's devilish ingenuity.

The Othello is so good that I can only wish the *Othello* were better. The skill of his interpretation, the beauty of his speech, even the visual interest of his coal-black make-up should have persuaded Olivier that he could hold the stage against the strongest of supporting casts, but the strongest cast is not what Olivier and his director, John Dexter, have provided. From the early moment when Desdemona's angry father sounded entirely uninteresting, it was clear that a great deal was going to be wrong. As Iago, Frank Finlay is no match for Othello; this hard-bitten non-com (Finlay's specialty) is continually angry without ever savouring his anger, never showing that delight in mischief which must be Iago's salient trait. Apparently, whenever an Othello wants to claim the limelight for himself, his strategy is to require his Iago to be surly and not mischievous; Orson Welles did the same in his film, with even worse results.

Maggie Smith will have to be content with her unchallenged standing as the most expert comic ingénue in London's commercial theatre; she is not by any means a classical ingénue, and the rôle of Desdemona is therefore beyond her reach. She is too shrewd, too knowing to be Othello's simple-hearted bride, and, fortunately, she knows enough to turn her clever face away from us when she speaks the lines that best reveal Desdemona's naïveté.

One good aim of this production is to exhibit some of the local colour of the perennially troubled island of Cyprus. This effort is possibly made under the inspiration of Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* in which Verona for once seemed like a real city torn by a feud. Now and then, Othello's Cyprus looks like a real island under occupation, with natives being pushed around by the occupying army and the courtesan Bianca represented as a Turkish whore who is spat upon by a Cypriot for fraternizing with the Venetians. But the local colour is spasmodic and insufficient; it is obscured by such unwise ideas as playing Roderigo's attack on Cassio in nearly total darkness.

In short, the primary justification for this *Othello* is Olivier's crafty, resourceful performance. Its brilliance would still have been quite unmistakable even if the supporting cast had been just a little more lustrous.



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so soft it purrs.
Knitted in Scotland, about $35.
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books

BY ERIK WENSBERG

DRIVE, HE SAID, *"zooms off . . . and breaks something"*

It has the title of the year. But *Drive, He Said* (Delacorte), by an uncommonly gifted young writer named Jeremy Larner, is not a novel to settle back with and idly peruse. It is a novel one sits up all night talking loudly to. It is ready to take on anything. It is continuously amusing and surprising and it never really makes a point. It gestures and rambles about the room and refuses to be understood readily. It stops dead and makes astounding attempts to sum up, and once or twice knocks over a chair in the effort.

Its plot—a parable of young manhood—is not a story at all, and its characters are visions: ideas and circumstances in modern America that have been condensed like vapours or blown up like balloons with faces on them. The attempt to find solidity, to *close* with such a shadow world, is what occupies Mr. Larner's two heroes, Hector, the college champion, and Gabriel, the student activist. The two stand for the condition of youth (conveniently divided) set roaming in an urban world where all whom they meet are trapped somehow, or are trimming, or are bound that their names will one day be graved in plastic. Mandel, the tycoon pessimist; Calvin, the cosy classics prof; Hurley, the liberated dabbler; Olive Solomon, passionate bride of the-world-as-it-is by some prearranged marriage—all have a use for the ardours of youth, all decline to permit the boys a point, and so the boys drive on.

If none of this sounds quite remarkable in modern novels, it is because I have left out Mr. Larner's exuberant conception, his art. There was not much need for another *Young Werther* in modern dress. So the author has (1) suggested a point about modernity itself, while (2) employing the perfect means, in these crabbed times, for handling a work about ardour: he makes his narrative unit not the naturalistic "scene," with its well-timed, civilized disclosures, but the tribal occasion, the ritual—The Big Game, The Dinner Party, The Parade, The Demonstration.

Mr. Larner's landscape is our own, made megalithic: he has striped and inflated his dancers, made them less and more than life-like, so that we see the ordinary movements of life as portentous, anthropological, suggestive of lore. Set up at such a whistling angle, his characters can depart into fantasy or magic to complete the action and realize the portent. Thus, the politically desperate Gabriel, alone, despondent, and failed, watches a confetti parade in honour of an astronaut from the window of a silly and expensive Fifth Avenue apartment belonging to a leisure-time "revolutionary." Beside him lies a tabloid editorial about the greatest damn country in the world. Below on the street is an irrelevant hero. Gabriel makes confetti of a silk dressing-gown, flings out the wife's lingerie, the books, the hi-fi, the dismantled furniture, the Oriental rugs, and finally the dismembered refrigerator.

Mr. Larner is a fearless inventor and comedian, and the heart moves when he wants it to. The little parodies of William Burroughs were probably dispensable. And, as I said, he sometimes zooms off for the very summit of invention, only to overshoot and break something. The death of Gabriel is a burden of meanings frantic for an image to express them, and getting the wrong one. But the meanings are there. Throughout, I concurred in the vision Mr. Larner wished to convey.

A footnote of praise is due to Paul Goodman, whose own remarkable novel, *The Empire City* (soon to be reissued in paperback by Macmillan) has suggested to a much younger writer a way to execute a vision that is informed, exuberant, and tender, and a way to test, very grandly, the most that the best of us has: a purely provisional wisdom.



You're so right... they're natural poise®



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Georges Kaplan coat. Arthur Jablow suit. Emme hat.

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movies

BY JOAN DIDION

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA, "*the dream and the nightmare*"

Although I assume that someone, somewhere, lived through the fall of 1963 quite unaware that down on the west coast of Mexico, in Puerto Vallarta, John Huston was making *The Night of the Iguana*, the notion suggests a detachment so sublime as to border upon the schizophrenic. Location communiques came daily, and in minute detail. Puerto Vallarta in fact became the focus for a kind of national sexual fantasy, a blue movie of the community imagination. Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Sue Lyon, Tennessee Williams, Elizabeth Taylor and her picnic basket; the entire congeries of erstwhile and current friends and lovers and husbands, the endless possibilities and permutations—what were they *doing* down there?

What they were doing down there, as it turns out, was making a very good movie. Forget Huston's disastrous *Moby Dick*; forget the senile indulgences of his *The List of Adrian Messenger*. The Huston *Iguana* is once again the Huston of *The Asphalt Jungle*, of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, a maker of mood pieces so clean and tight and beautiful that one smiles in delight at strangers in the theatre. Imagine the ambiance of *Iguana:* a rotting hotel, the rain forest closing in. Imagine the time: out of season, in more than one sense. A tepid surf breaks insistently on the sound track; palmettos whine in the night. Two beach boys, not entirely human, do an incessant and obscurely obscene dance. The cook smokes marijuana. The heat rises. A trapped iguana pulses malevolently at the end of its tether. It is the end of the sane world, the jumping-off place, and everyone in it is on the run from private furies. There is the keeper of the hotel and of the beach boys, a hot-tempered creature (Ava Gardner) who recalls that her husband died "three, maybe four weeks back"; there is the disgraced Episcopal priest (Richard Burton) in the spasms of his semi-annual crack-up. There is the Lesbian tour leader (Grayson Hall), hysterically losing control of her underaged and overstimulated charge (Sue Lyon). There is the impoverished spinster (Deborah Kerr), whose most vivid experience of love was with a fetishistic underwear salesman somewhere on Repulse Bay. ("We were vis-à-vis in the sampan," she explains, and we know that we are in the Tennessee Williams country.) *Don't push me*, Burton screams; he is, as they all are, at the end of the emotional line.

The material, then, is what is generally called "bizarre." More than that, however, it is *romantic* material. The entire Williams style is based upon the use of certain romantic conventions, certain shortcuts. We all know that the end of the line can be anywhere, Beverly Hills or Detroit or the East Sixties, but the hotel on the coast of Mexico is a convention which *means* the end of the line; the drinking is a convention, the beach boys are conventions. To treat any of this realistically would provoke only laughter. It is not documentary. What Huston has done is what no other motion picture director has succeeded in doing with Williams: he has filmed the mood, the dream and the nightmare, not the Puerto Vallarta in *Mexico on $5 a Day* but that Puerto Vallarta of the mind in which we have all invented tricks to get through the night, all screamed *don't push me*. One way in which Huston avoided realism was by shooting in black and white; colour tends to insist relentlessly that the world on the screen be taken literally. Another was that he kept it moving, never overstated, averted virtuoso performances. To measure his success one need only recall the sloppiness of Richard Brooks's *Sweet Bird of Youth*, the emptiness of Peter Glenville's *Summer and Smoke*, the shrill absurdity of *Suddenly Last Summer*. *Iguana* is so good a movie that I can think of only three flaws: an inscrutably upbeat ending; a fist fight, to the tune of a Mexican hat dance, that falls into the category of television humour; a quite unnecessary establishing scene before the titles. I like to imagine that Huston regrets all three.

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travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

SALT LAKE CITY: *New England plus Old-Testament*

Zeroing into Salt Lake City had the magical suddenness of a roller coaster ride ending on the roof of a skyscraper. From above the glazed asbestos-white humps of the Rocky Mountains, the plane plummeted to the brown bowl of Utah's Salt Lake City. It felt high, and it is—over four thousand feet.

During my *flânerie* through Salt Lake City—overnight between planes—I was fascinated by the unexpected complex of the city: New England houses; blue-chip company names; Biblical reminders; lunar landscapes; streets squared-off like Washington's; and spires which dominate the city as St. Peter's dome does Rome.

Everything in Salt Lake centres around Temple Square. Tree-lined streets fan out from it, and are so numbered—5S street, for instance, means five blocks south from the Square. The Square is headquarters of the Mormon Church, owner of most of the real estate in the valley. Within the high-walled square, the size of a city block, stands the granite Temple. Only members in good standing, my guide explained, could enter it. On the highest of its six spires, the gilt angel, which I mistook for the Angel Gabriel, is the Angel Moroni, the Mormon prophet. In my hotel room I found, instead of a Gideon Bible, the *Book of Mormon;* it had the Angel Moroni in gilt on its maroon cover.

Fast by the Temple, the Tabernacle, shaped like an oversized quonset hut wrapped in aluminum foil, is open to everyone. Inside, I found some one hundred and fifty children in rehearsal singing "I'm a Child of God." (Some small ones, definitely not older than five, dangled their feet over the edge of the platform.) Behind them, the great organ pipes glowed like enormous tooth fillings. Every noon, the wooden benches fill up for a five-minute organ recital; on Friday nights, for symphonies.

In this desert country, a monument to sea gulls baffled me. Later, I learned the gulls flew in from the West during pioneer days to save the crops from a plague of crickets.

Brigham Young, who came from Vermont, and said, "This is the Place," brought with him New England clapboard architecture. His house, a lovely yellow clapboard with white portico and a widow's walk, once used for a desert watchtower, is now a museum. It is named The Beehive House after the Mormon symbol for Utah. Young's own seal was a beehive—even the front door of his house has a ravishing pewter beehive door knob with a silver bee on top. The afternoon newspaper, *Deseret News*, clings to the original name of the state, which means, in the *Book of Mormon* language, honeybee.

Beehives are everywhere. One van I saw read: Beehive Laundry and Cleaning. Across from the Temple in the church-owned, white-brick Hotel Utah, the rug in its Victorian lobby—tinted glass ceiling, ornate balustrades, the works—was a glorious field of beehives. At night on the hotel's roof, what seemed like a fiery red electric coil, was actually a neon beehive. Surprisingly, the hotel's bold striped marquee had the nightclub dash of El Morocco; its glassy roof-restaurants, the newness of the World's Fair.

Warning Note: No liquor is served in Utah restaurants; it may be bought with a permit at State stores.

Biblical reminders turn up even on shops. Z.C.M.I., as an example, is short for Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, the first department store in America. Its enchanting pressed-tin ceiling goes unnoticed. I couldn't avoid crossing the Jordan River, nor stem my curiosity to see the weird, bleak moon country of the Great Salt Lake. What seemed at first to be mounds of dirty snow were piles of salt "weathering." In fascinating busy contrast to the dead sea, were the smoking stacks of industries, the billboards reading—Kennecott Copper, Hercules Powder, Boeing, Litton, Help Utah Prosper.

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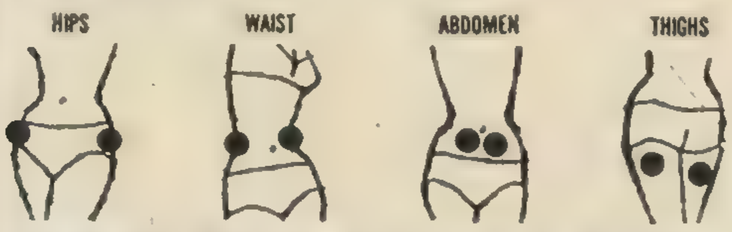
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BY VIRGINIA COWLES

Cricket is to baseball as chess is to checkers. You can not live happily in England until you bow to this maxim. Indeed you can not live happily in England unless you grasp the essentials of the game—not how it works, for no one who has not actually played it has the foggiest idea what is going on—but what it contributes to English life. From the middle of April to the middle of September cricket is played on velvet lawns from one end of the country to the other.

The first thing you must realize is that cricket is not a game at all, but a siege. The shortest match of any seriousness starts at 11:30 A.M. and ends at 6:00 P.M. Normal matches last two or three days, while Test Matches (between England and another country) take five.

It is not only the most complicated game in the world, but the most lethal. A fast bowler hurls the ball at ninety miles an hour onto the ground at the batsman's feet. According to what sort of a spin he puts on it, and whether the earth is bone dry, or sodden with the night's rain, or just drying out, the ball flies into the air at any one of a hundred angles. It may hit the batsman in the face and break his nose, or it may smash his thumb or his wrist, or knock him cold.

Not only is cricket dangerous; it is the most heartbreaking game ever invented. The players often field for four or five hours; then comes their big moment when one by one they go in to bat. Their job is (a) not to get put out, (b) to make runs. Since these two tasks are clearly incompatible for any length of time, every batsman fundamentally is a tortured soul. For he can bat once only.

Although the English claim that cricket "builds character," the truth is it is so full of anguish it brings out the worst in everyone. A successful bowler is Machiavellian to the depths of his soul. He pretends to bowl a leg break and sends down a googly instead. A successful bat, on the other hand, must have Hitler-like qualities. He must hit the bowler all over the field and so humiliate him that he is quickly "taken off" and replaced by someone far less cocky. In short, cricket calls for stealth, treachery, intimidation, and utter ruthlessness.

What makes cricket unlike any other game is that, although it is played by professionals, much of the social life of the country is focused on the amateur games. When a cricketer leaves his school or university he almost always joins a club so that he can go on playing. Socially, the smartest club is the I Zingari, which sports an orange, gold, and black tie. Where prowess is concerned, the Harlequins and the Quidnuncs are the most distinguished, composed exclusively of men who have played for Oxford or Cambridge Universities. But there are dozens more clubs.

These clubs lay on matches all through the summer. There is no shortage of places to play since nearly every big house in the country has its own cricket field. The Duke of Norfolk arranges weekly matches at Arundel. He himself often plays and, no matter how few runs he makes, he always gets a big cheer. The Duke of Marlborough gets up sides at Blenheim, sometimes against local villages, sometimes against schools; so does Sir William Worsley, the Duchess of Kent's father, at Hovingham; so do many others.

On all these occasions huge buffet lunches and equally huge teas are laid on. The players solemnly troop off the field at 1:30 for an hour, and again at 4:30 for half an hour. The scene is remarkable, for there are hundreds of deck chairs on the edge of the ground for spectators and no one ever appears to watch the game. The women lie back and have a good gossip; the children play hopscotch or practise with balls and bats. There is no tension among the onlookers, ex-

(Continued on page 122)



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SIDNEY HELLER *Created*
NEW YORK

FROM LONDON

(Continued from page 114)

cept, perhaps, for the last hour, and then only among the male spectators. The day has a certain all-pervasive charm which the English describe as "relaxing."

Less relaxing is the Eton-Harrow match at Lord's. This is as smart as Ascot with the men in grey toppers and the women in pastels and picture hats. Dozens of coaches line the field (we had the landau that the Queen of Tonga rode in at the Coronation) and drinks are dispensed freely from early morning on.

The schoolboys and teen-age girls watching always supply the tension and the game sometimes ends in a free-for-all with top hats sailing into the pitch. This year it was unusually circumspect with hundreds of little boys rushing onto the field to carry off the winning captain.

Even the House of Lords and the House of Commons field a joint team. But I am sad to report that they are apt to cheat. Since most politicians are overweight and short-winded, they usually recruit their fast bowlers from the policemen who guard the division lobbies in the Commons. Until Sir Alec Douglas-Home became Foreign Secretary, he frequently played for the team. (Incidentally, Sir Alec wears a Harlequin tie.)

The enjoyable match between the Authors and the Publishers is a cheat as well. Since almost every England player has written a book, the Authors put forth a really imposing side; the Publishers counter this by filling their team with "guest players."

Another match, easy to get to, takes place in Chelsea when the Harrow Wanderers play the Household Brigade, the Queen's Bodyguard. A military band never fails to perform on the corner of the ground. This year, just as the batsman drove the ball to cover and the fielders were running for it, the band burst into "God Save the Queen." Instantly every one of the thirteen white-flannelled figures on the field froze to attention. The tableau only came to life as the last note died, when action was hectically resumed. It is incidents such as this that make cricket unforgettable.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

In France, the Eighteenth-Century Fantasy of the Rochambeau Ball



1



2

If splendid parties begin with splendid settings, the success of the Comtesse de Rochambeau's costume ball this summer began with the Pavillon Colombe. Built for a pretty Venetian by her lover in the eighteenth century, it has the perfection in miniature that attracted the French court of Louis XVI: a low pink formal facade on the village street, a slice of house—in period, flowered, light—and then the measured reach of fountained, trellissed gardens first planted in the 1770's, improved by the strait perfectionist, Edith Wharton, who lived there in the twenties, and now possessed by the Duc de Talleyrand, a connoisseur in depth of the eighteenth century. Among these pleasures of place, the duke's stepdaughter, Comtesse Sheila de Rochambeau, pitched an eighteenth-century party, and, to hold it, an ombré pink tent, patterned with dogwood and monkeys (which she collects in porcelains, engravings). From the boxwood chandeliers to the dark-red jute tent floor, all ideas stemmed from the Comtesse, who routed a young designer, Michel Pignères, from his boutique in Paris to carry them out. She added three orchestras, "one Beatle-type, one Brazilian, and one normal, to play waltzes"—none eighteenth

More on page 194



3



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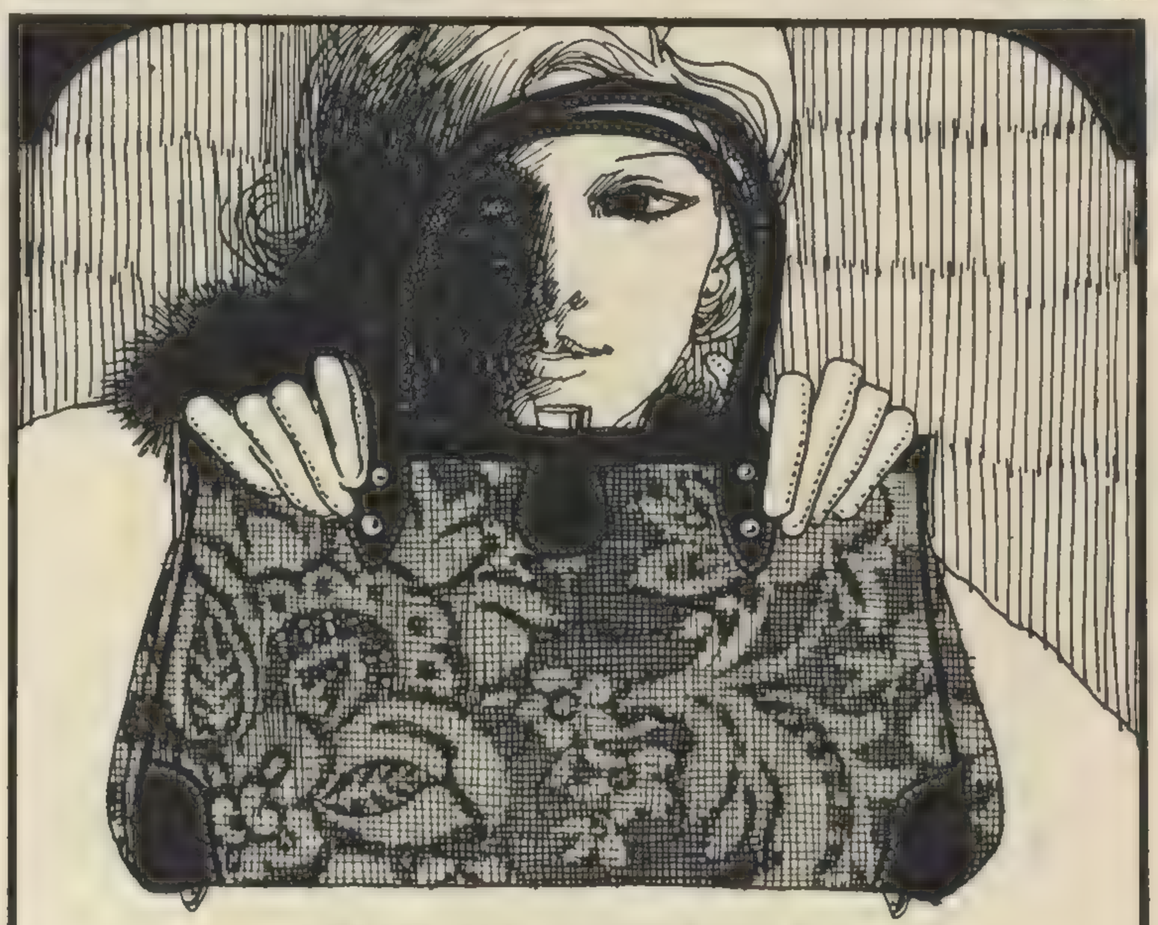
century. Her guests, on the other hand—some of whom arrived spectacularly grouped in tableaux: "La Bergerie," "La Turquerie," "Les Chinois," and "La Grande Geisha"—wore costumes which were glorious, and often gloriously authentic.

1. The Comtesse de Rochambeau, whose magnificent diamond and sapphire clips and earrings once belonged to Marie Antoinette, wore white silk, her auburn hair piled in a ribbon-laced chignon by Roger of Alexandre. With her, Comte Hélie de Pourtalès, white-wigged and masked. 2. Mr. Alan Graham, and, dancing with Comtesse Gilles de Gaigneron, Comte de Rochambeau. 3. M. Pierre Bonave, in one of the brilliant group entrances, "Les Chinois." 4. One of the prettiest young women at the ball, Comtesse Jean d'Ormesson, her hair wound with flowers, by Alexandre. (Alexandre designed most of the wigs and chignons, and re-created the eighteenth-century make-up, very pink and white with mouches.) 5. "Les Bergeries," the entrance of the shepherdesses: Comtesse Charles René de Mortemart, Mme. Jean-François Malle, Comtesse d'Ormesson, Comtesse Michel de Ganay.

(Continued on page 126)

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Rochambeau Ball (Continued from page 125)



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1. The entrance of "La Grande Geisha": Mme. Jean-Marie Mérillon, Comtesse André de la Fressange. 2. The Duke (left, in kilts) and the Duchess of Windsor, in a brilliant red taffeta domino and white feather wig. On the right, Comte de la Bérandière. 3. M. Gérald Maurois in Napoleonic head-dress with Mlle. Diane de Belleville, one of "Les Turqueries." 4. Condesa de Romanones in a cloak of turquoise fishnet and a fantastic mask with turquoise egrets. 5. Mme. Jean-Claude Abreu. 6. Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes wore one of the most extraordinary costumes: a hooded pink fishnet-like cage, with giant pink roses, over a narrow pink dress; her mask of leaves was studded with small flowers and white feathers. 7. Mlle. Christina de Caraman, one of prettiest young women in Paris and at the ball. 8. The ball, in motion under the tent.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A blazing benefit dinner for The World Wildlife Fund at the African Pavilion of the World's Fair



1



2



3



4



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9

In a frenzy of flame, colour, and sound, this party at the African Pavilion (twenty-four African countries) had its point made immediately—wildlife conservation. With a lion, a giraffe, two goats, two elephants, eight baboons, four birds, and a dromedary caged nearby, the dinner guests climbed torch-lit stairs to the pavilion's tree-house restaurant, a cluster of round, bright rooms, spread out between branches of a bogus baobab tree. Outside and below, the royal drummers of Burundi let go on a set of giant wooden bongos; they were followed by a troupe of real Watusi tribal dancers, who just let go.

1. The buffet (including Couscous Mauritania and Shrimp Pilli-Pilli) served by waiters in Nigerian smocks. Two stuffed peacocks hang overhead. 2. Mr. James Mellon. 3. Mrs. Brigitte Delchambre and Mr. Joseph Thomas. 4. Mrs. T. Charlton Henry and Mr. Edmund C. Lynch. 5. Mrs. Ernest Hemingway. 6. Mrs. Edward H. Auchincloss. 7. Mrs. Miguel de Bragança. 8. Mr. Winston Guest. 9. Mrs. Edmund C. Lynch with H. R. H. Princess Alfred Auersperg and Mr. Peter Glenville.



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A NEW BEAT: TOPICAL FOLK SINGERS, THEIR SONGS

(Continued from page 83)

". . . got some southern hospitality
down there in a southern hospital. . . .
I asked a dog what they all were doin'.
He walked up to me and started chewin'.
I said there must be some men around.
There can't be only you dogs in town. . . ."

While most topical songs are musical editorials, meant for at-home or coffee-house consumption, others, the "action songs" are used directly in demonstrations and picket lines. Said one frequent participator in civil rights demonstrations, "An action song is when a group of kids in Birmingham face the cops and sing, 'I ain't scaired o' your jail, 'cause I want my freedom.' . . ."

According to the "folk-process," many of the action songs are old: "We Shall Overcome," which has become the theme song of the integration movement was, typically, an old gospel song, brought up to date with new words by Pete Seeger:

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day,
Deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome, some day. . . .

It is not unusual for folk singers to be as involved with the causes as are the songs they sing. The new writers are no exception. Tom Paxton, who of the new writers is both musically and poetically the gentlest and the least satiric, is, on the other hand, one of the most actively involved with the issues.

"I'm not just writing, I'm going," he said, his face stern below a little-boy flat cap. Paxton is twenty-six, looks eighteen, and "commutes" between demonstrations in the South and an apartment in Greenwich Village where, like Ochs, he lives with his wife and baby. (Along with other folk singers he is going to Mississippi soon. "We got to—we figure we got to—we figure we can't sit still—because the opposition isn't sitting still.")

Phil Ochs described in a more general way what he and the other topical song writers have in mind:

"We're trying to crystallize the thoughts of young people who have stopped accepting things the way they are. Young people are disillusioned; we want to reinforce their disillusionment so they'll get more involved, and *do* something—not out of a general sense of rebellion (because they hate their parents or something) but out of a real concern for what's happening—or not happening."

Byron Linardos, long-time owner-manager of folk places (he now manages The 47), said, "Sure the protest songs get them excited, but excited to do what? . . . Not too long ago, we got some songs, photographs, too, from Kentucky of starving miners and their families. Everyone said, 'Let's do something for the poor kids in Kentucky.' So did I." He stopped and looked at his coffee, which had gotten cold. "Know what they did? . . . Nothing. Oh, sometimes, some of these kids will go half-way to a cause—when it benefits them." He stopped and looked up. "On the other hand, I've noticed lately that when they come here to the Club they're looking not so much for entertainment as for answers. The songs make them think. . . . All of a sudden, they seem to want to think."

It is hard to know exactly what effects the new songs are having upon the young people who sit, stony and sincere, at The 47 in Cambridge, and wherever else the young gather to hear, via folk music, their own thoughts—and thoughts they haven't thought yet. It is hard to know, when the songs do sometimes affect direct action, whether or not that action is effective in a good way. It seems, at least, a slice of the younger generation has moved into a post-beat era. It seems, at last, it is no longer square to care.

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No one's looking now. Quick–out the side door.

Eric just may get that play produced—and tonight made the fourth time you've heard this. Now Alex is talking about his boat again. Then it's Susan with another new diet—again.

The same friends, the same conversations; it's another nice comfortable evening.

It only gets uncomfortable when you think that way out there is the charm of a San Francisco.

Or that the aspens would be yellow now in Arizona and you once said you'd see the West someday.

It's fall up in New England, too. You could see Boston first—then rent a car and see a lot of history for just a little driving. And there's Washington, D.C. Ever see it in September when it's not so crowded?

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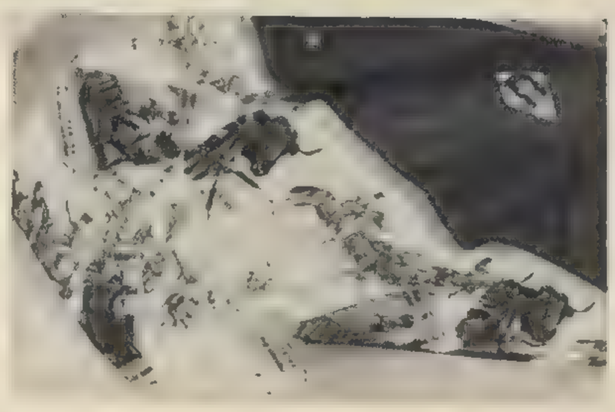
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VISIT THE CRYSTAL PALACE
AT THE BETTER LIVING CENTER
AND SEE SHIP'N SHORE'S
SPECIAL **FASHION** EXHIBIT

SHOP HOUND



Officer's coat olé

Snuff-coloured coat from Spain—narrow, double-breasted, with tabbed cuffs, epaulets, leather buttons; and lined in bright festival-print Spanish silk scarfs (shown below). With it, a matching scarf filling the wide-open neck. Of cashmere and nylon. Sizes 6-16. $90. By Cortefiel. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

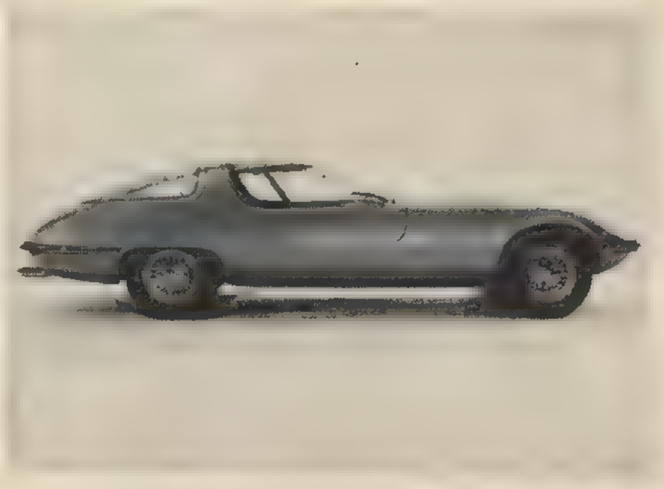




Meet Wong Tu Blu

A lively bundle of Chow puppy, coloured blue, the rarest of many colours available from $125. For more information, write Edna Youmans, Wong-Sui Chow Kennel, Horseheads, R.D. 1, New York.

BERTONE



It's called Testudo

Italian ironic for tortoise—top speed: 185 m.p.h. Custom-made, by Bertone, in Turin—rear engine; roof opens to enter, priced around $37,500. For information, write J. S. Inskip, 304 E. 64th St., N.Y. 21.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

LIVES IT UP



Chopped muffle-coat
Easy mohair wrap-up in pale fawn—7/8 length, fringe at the elbows, on pockets and neck-muffling scarf. Also in red, blue, pink, yellow, and various plaids. One size fits everyone. $185. From La Fitte, 8 E. 54th St., New York 36.



Jewelled leopard
Standing silent on a block of ebony—18-k. gold leopard with emerald eyes, collared and spotted in enamel. 3″ x 4″. About $4,000. Other leopards and jewelled animals to order: Verdura, 712 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.

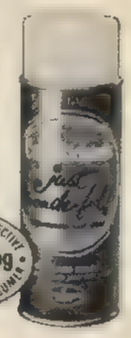


Scopitone, Yé Yé dress
La machine: jukebox idea with film and soundtrack, and a choice of 36 swinging 3-minute shows on a 26″ screen. For more information, write Scopitone Inc., 420 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida. Beaded black knitted wool skirt, and jacket open on pink taffeta lining, black brassière. Also any colour. 8-16. $235. By Constance Montique. At Martha, 775 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22.



No, but the name means beauty to her. With our new Caryl Richards QUIK-PERM her hair is ever so prettily pampered (her budget, too)! There is simply no permanent that does so much for your hair beauty — so quickly! Our QUIK-PERM gives your hair the smooth, soft foundation you want for our loveliest hairstyles. Never looks permanented. Stays so beautifully conditioned, so manageable, it almost sets itself.

We use and recommend Caryl Richards hair sprays...they hold and hold, yet still leave your hair clean...never stiff or sticky!



Everyone knows, if it's Caryl Richards, it is better for your hair

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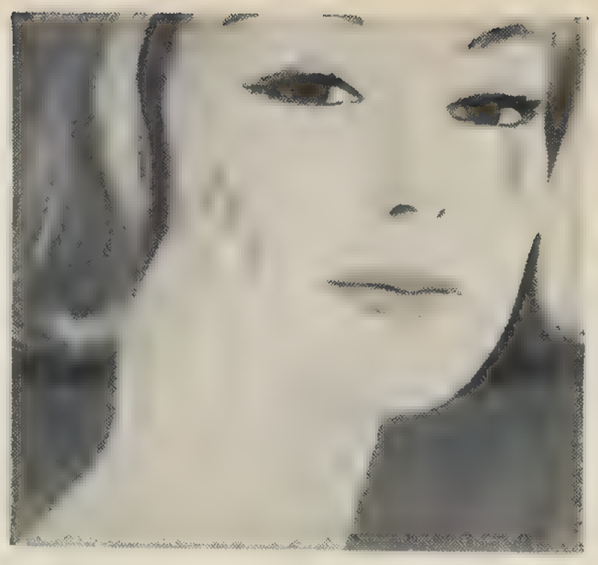
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May D & F, Denver • Rike's, Dayton • Bon Marche, Seattle

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

How to shake the plum tree

A fascinating cosmetics house we'd like to note here might be entirely new to many of the women we know. It has a *very* clued-in, *very* good collection of products, and leads this alluringly different life: it's sold *only* house-to-house. . . . We made its acquaintance this way. One of the silkiest, subtlest, most wearable nacré nail enamels we'd seen since the fashion for dimly white-pearled fingernails began some years ago turned out to be the doing of this company. One of the most exemplary of the colourless, translucent face powders turned out, on inquiry, to be another good work of the same firm. So did a lip gloss we caught a stylish young beauty in the act of applying. So did a pressed powder eye shadow we learned was slipped on with a sponge. . . . That firm is Viviane Woodard; it stems from California; has representatives pretty much everywhere now; does nothing that hasn't elegance in every sense—including packaging; and is certainly not meant for the woman for whom consideration of price comes first. (Prices aren't hair-raising, but they're above what you're apt to think of when you think of house-to-house.) Looking into this further, we attended a training class for Woodard representatives, found an agreeable lot of enthusiastic women listening to a chic brunette explain the special current of excitement in the Woodard skin-care routine. That routine is,in fact, anything but routine. It's based on moisture, as what isn't, but the approach is different, more fervent. In the Woodard plot, not only are the skin-care products formulated to carry moisture to the skin, but the directions call for the user to add still more moisture by dipping her fingers in tap water before working the goodies into the skin. Of the three Moisan preparations—cleanser, toner, and moisturizer—that are the heart of Woodard skin care, two urge the extra water approach. . . . So does their liquid make-up. So does even their Beauty Shake Translucent Powder (with a damp sea sponge you blot off excess powder). Reasoning: "The prune is a nice plum until it's placed in a dehydrator and the moisture withdrawn. Then it becomes wrinkled and shrivelled, and that is exactly what is happening to the human body every day." . . . This is what Viviane Woodard doesn't intend to see happen.



Where-to-Buy
genava
nina

Following are some of the selected stores where Genava by Nina is now available:

Long Beach
Walker's

Los Angeles
Broadway Department Store
MAYCO California
J. W. Robinson Company

Oakland
H. C. Capwell Company
Rhodes

Phoenix
Diamond's
Korrick's, Inc.

Portland
Best's Apparel
Rhodes

Sacramento
Hale's
Weinstock-Lubin

San Diego
Broadway Department Store

San Francisco
City of Paris
The Emporium
The White House

San Jose
Emporium
Hale's

Seattle
Best's Apparel
Rhodes

Spokane
The Crescent

Stockton
Brown-Mahin
Weinstock-Lubin

Tucson
Levy's

To order by Mail: For your convenience in ordering by mail from the store of your choice, use the coupon below.

Store Name_____
City_____ State_____
Please send me Genava as checked
☐ 1.65 oz. size $3.85 incl. Fed. Tax.
☐ 4 oz. size $5.50 incl. Fed. Tax.
(please add local sales tax, if applicable)
☐ Charge to my account,
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____

Proven cream makes wrinkles diminish and small wrinkles vanish

With a substance new to cosmetics, named Genava, aging skin can start looking younger and younger—not older and older.

After a two-week trial on a selected group of women, a noted dermatologist reports on the ingredients in Genava:

"Disappearance of small wrinkles was accomplished in two-week period; even the very deepest wrinkles showed very great improvement."

Dr. W. P. also comments, "the small superficial wrinkles responded dramatically." And he adds further that the skin was "more translucent and smoother in appearance."

These results are nothing short of amazing. And it took a new cosmetic compound to do it.

Genava was developed by the trustworthy Nina laboratory.

Designed to be used twice daily—under make-up and overnight—it is absorbed instantly by the skin. Start using Genava today. In just two weeks your wrinkles will vanish or diminish greatly. Skin becomes more translucent, smoother. You will look gloriously younger! 1.65 oz. $3.50; 4 oz. $5.00, both plus tax.



PRODUITS NINA • 610 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



Are you wasting first-rate legs on second-rate stockings?

First-rate legs deserve Cameos. Second-rate legs need them. Because Cameo knows a stocking shouldn't fray, frazzle, bag, sag, or pop. They knit thousands of extra stitches into every stocking to give the fabric a totally opulent smoothness and silkiness. No frazzly loose ends. No limpness. (The extra stitches also make these stockings last at least a third longer than other 15 denier sheers.) Cameo actually shapes the stitches differently at the ankles and calves so the stockings cling where others bag. They dye Cameo stockings in more colors than you ever dreamed of. (You'll find at least two that flatter you silly.) Get them any leg length. In regular or mesh. For just 1.35. They're first-rate.

Get Cameos.

Bur-Mil
A Burlington Hosiery Product



EVE'S ROSE, WITH EMERALDS, RUBIES AND ZIRCONS; GOLD FILLED (1/20 12K) $37.50*. EARRINGS $25.00* AT FINE STORES, WRITE WELLS, INC., 385 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Wells jewelry

* PLUS FEDERAL TAX



New impressionists: the tumultuous tweeds, in "Antron"® and "Orlon"®



RICHARD AVEDON

ARTHUR JABLOW's artistry (opposite)—the suit demure. But in swinging color. And sinewy tweed. Agile, able, very durable tweed of wool and "Antron"* nylon. Pink, with crushed-garnets chiffon blouse. About $275. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Harold's, Minneapolis; Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Montaldo's, all stores. Hat by Halston.
BEN REIG (above) paints the town-and-township suit purple. Coat over blouse over skirt. Overwhelmingly knockout in tweed of wool and "Orlon"* acrylic. Costume, about $475. Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. All jewels shown by David Webb. Hat by Ben Reig.

DU PONT Better Things for Better Living ...through Chemistry

*Du Pont's registered trademarks.

New impressionists: the linear look, in textures of "Orlon"®



RICHARD AVEDON

LEE HERMAN's homing habit (above). The knit—done on the diagonal—is all line and lure. And luxe in "Orlon"* acrylic and cashmere. Lightening, softening, shaping everything in view. In beige, green, camellia pink or blue. About $155. Helft's, Beverly Hills; Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Dana, New York. Jewels shown by Hattie Carnegie. MONTE-SANO and PRUZAN's tweed tailleur (opposite). A structurally perfect coat, striated and strategically woven of wool and "Orlon". Ambered green, about $400. Hutzler's, Baltimore; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Bergdorf Goodman, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. Bag by Lucille de Paris. Furs by Georges Kaplan. Coiffures by Monti. Jewels shown by David Webb.

DU PONT Better Things for Better Living ...through Chemistry

*Du Pont's registered trademark.



New impressionists: the slashed surfaces, in "Orlon"® and "Dacron"®



RICHARD AVEDON

ANTHONY BLOTTA's masterful suitling (above). Color? A kind of greige, slashed—but gently—with magenta. Fabric? A fizz-surfaced tweed of wool and "Orlon"* acrylic. Effect? Sensationalism—on the q.t. About $435. The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Claire Perrone, Detroit; The Smart Shop, Houston; Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; William Penn Hat & Gown, Inc., Pittsburgh. Hair by Monti. Bag by Lucille de Paris. HICKEY FREEMAN suits the gentleman in a fall-weight Corrigan twill of 55% "Dacron"* polyester, 45% wool. Rich, wrinkle-resistant and so right. About $165 at fine stores.

DONALD BROOKS of TOWNLEY (opposite). His two-part, quite-right-for-dinner dress. In white-on-white ottoman. Great on the figure. Fabulous in the hand. A fabric blended of 55% "Dacron", 45% wool. About $125. Hutzler's, Baltimore; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Lord & Taylor, New York; Montaldo's, all stores. Hat by Adolfo. Handbag by Gucci. All jewels shown by David Webb.

Better Things for Better Living ...*through Chemistry* DU PONT

*Du Pont's registered trademarks.





The "Monteil Look" is Gala...

and gay, made for glittering evenings. It's a high-fashion look, created more by light than color. It lights your eyes with "Silver Fox" Eye Shadow — your lips with "Rousing Red" Super-Lumium Lipstick — and finally, your whole make-up with luminous "Night-light Gold" Color Blend.

Germaine Monteil

SEPTEMBER 1, 1964

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE GROUND UP



MERMAID LEGS FOR LANVIN'S FANTASY PYJAMAS OF BLACK CLOQUÉ... CLOSE TO THE KNEE, THEN A WHOOSH OF FULLNESS LIKE FINS ENDING IN RUFFLES.

In America at I. Magnin. Coiffure by Roger of Alexandre.

PENN

Proportion begins from the ground....With patterned and textured stockings; with coloured stockings—some of the newest, cabled cobwebs and crisscrosses to wear with country tweeds.... Boots that turn into pants and rise to the waist—the pantboot in suède under a grey lamb tunic; and for evening, in matte satin under a black lace tunic....Black mink's new rôle—little knee pants worn with lace stockings....French-sailor pants in wool or bias lamé....Pretty lace pantalettes under black lace tunics....Extravagant evening culottes—pink gonflé satin, with legs two-and-a-half-yards wide and very comfortable.... The precision of pants cut like a nineteenth-century Spanish gentleman's; slashed over soft square-toed boots in front, and falling to the heels in back—sensational in red lace.... Short skirts over bare shiny bronzed knees.... The charming proportion of pink satin boots with a pink brocade evening suit....A single diamond or a tiny jet rose just below the knee on a stocking glimpsed through the slit in a long skirt....Rising above all this intrigue, the eye comes to rest on small heads, the smallest, neatest heads—or in contrast, on the many pretty girls with manes of barbaric splendour.The July brouhaha in Paris about the model who shaved her head was really not about fashion; it simply tipped the news of heads again revealed, bringing out the arc of the cranium.This is the line of the newest coiffures, and Paris is flooded with small caps, demi-helmets, closely wrapped scarfs, and more shapes of hoods than one can count.What happens next with you and your hairdresser can happen two ways: a short crop with a bit of a lift at the crown, a tiny shingle at the back, and possibly a samurai loop...or long hair sleeked up and pinned back close to the skull with a braided *torsade* looped in an oval from the crown of the head to the nape of the neck.... More Paris ideas, new loves on page 180.

AMERICAN STYLE

THE REGENCY PALES... THE NARROW LOOK... NEW CHARM FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND...MORE AND MORE LEGGINESS

SNUFF, BUFF, FAWN, DOVE-GREY, CREAMY PEACH, AND ALL THE MUSHROOMS: these are the marvellous, compelling pales in the hands of the great American tailors now. . . . Their mood is melting, and controlled, with a delicious thread of gaiety. . . . Dove-grey wool evening coats to the floor with the small flicker of jewelled buttons. . . . A day coat of deepest mushroom with snuff-coloured stockings, paler snuff gloves, the clear white of a magnified bowler hat. . . . The newest fur coat: tawny blond sable over a mushroom-coloured sweater and skirt, pale-brown leather gloves, knee-deep boots of dark-brown suède. . . . The palest grey suit with an oyster stock, snuff gloves, white crocheted stockings.

THE TAILORS *know more and more about women . . . more ways to give them clothes with all the precise chic of true tailoring and an added little rush of flattery. . . . No hard lines. . . . Sparse, impeccable shoulders that have a new and charming rapport with jackets a bit carved away from the throat. . . . Perfect little blouses as beautifully fitted as jackets, sometimes belted, sometimes tucked loosely into the well-cut waistband of a skirt. . . . Skirts meant to move at a brisk clip; the widest of these, Norell's skirts cut with a bounce of pleats. . . . Coats like cavalry jackets dropped to the knee bone, lightly fitted through the body, with vents or pleats that free the hem for the pace that lives.*

TWEEDS AND LACES TAKE OFF FROM THE KNEE BONE...THAT'S THE LOOK THIS AUTUMN

THE NARROW LOOK means this: the maillot dress seamed close to a lithe, strong, willowy body . . . coats and jackets close at the shoulders, smaller across the back, slightly narrowed through the midriff in front . . . an easy, slender fall from shoulder to knee bone, never tight, never aggressively "structured" . . . width only at the hem—sometimes revealed only in motion; the new clothes move as blithely as a leotard . . . as gracefully as a sari.

A GLORIOUS HEAD AND FASCINATING LEGS . . . this is the impression that comes on strong . . . count on seeing a few big heads of hair again and a lot of beautifully shaped small ones—all brushed into a superbly designed mould. . . . Make-up inventively designed to be just one thing: ENTRANCING. . . . Patterned stockings with everything. . . . A new wave of madly luxurious boots.

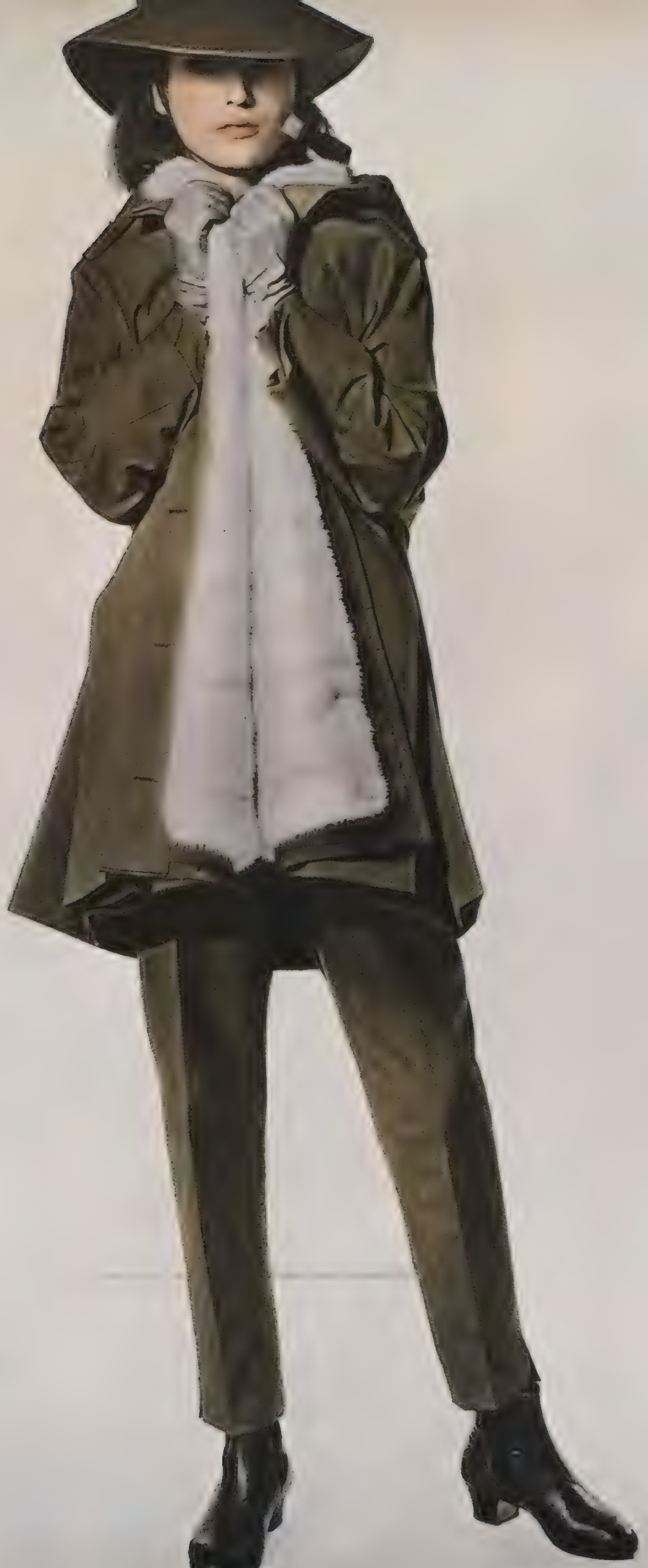
THE NEWEST POWER IN FASHION IS THE MAKE-UP ARTIST

The make-up artist has taken his place in fashion on a par with the hairdresser. . . . We hailed the era of the genius-coiffeur in 1962, and every woman we know is still in his thrall. Now it's the make-up man who's the Pied Piper sending out the news; the message, and the warm response, happened first in Rome where the belle-sauvage beauties find experiment as sparkling as spumante. Suddenly there are new ideas everywhere. . . . At Norell the models, who, incidentally, do their own make-up, have faces as pale and fresh as lilies, open and enticing. The technique: cream-and-peaches foundation and powder, then a dusting of pure-mauve powder; white brushed over the entire eyelid with varying amounts of lavender shadow, black eyeliner in the crease of the lid and rimming false lashes; clear lipstick, pale to light tangy red.

THE DAZZLING ACCESSORY should be yours now. . . . A mountain of diamonds and sapphires pinned to a charcoal flannel suit. . . . A scarf-hat of the supplest violet leather with a suit of smooth putty-white tweed. . . . Under a small Spanish sailor hat, a little jersey snood covering your hair. . . . Masses of warm gold with a gingery suit of gun-club checks. . . . Jewelled animals. . . . Bold bracelets—two or more—at the end of a long sleeve. . . . The buckled shoe. . . . With pale clothes, the balance of dark shoes and stockings, dark gloves. . . . And for the pure charm and pleasure of the gesture: a small jaunty shoulder-bag. . . . Or a fur muff.

GOING INTO THE NIGHT: Wool theatre suits—long pale dresses with little tailored jackets; short dresses of black wool crêpe with jackets of blazing pink or Regency buff. . . . A tight gold rose lighting the back of a rounded coiffure. . . . The little-governess look: short navy-blue satin with a sailor collar. . . . An irresistible floor-length coat of black monkey fur, worn with a sinuous bright streak of an evening dress that stops at the ankle bone, showing a flicker of lace stockings and diamond-buckled slippers. . . . For nights on the discothèque breeze: fragile, flirty black lace, very short, with the most amusing stockings. . . . And for a glittering evening at home: perhaps chiffon pyjamas dense with crystal beads and paillettes . . . or a jumpsuit of shiny black silk.

Opposite: This year's big dazzle—the stormy-weather look that's drenched in luxury, trim and practical as a checkbook. A narrow jumpsuit of cotton poplin (olive-not-so-drab), with a fling of raincoat cropped above the knee and lined with a largesse of pale mink. Designed by the master furrier, Emeric Partos; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. "Opal" mink from the Tourmaline collection of Emba pale beige mink. Halston's polo cloche tied under the chin; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Kislav gloves.



**FOR STORMY WEATHER:
POPLIN JUMPSUIT,
RAINCOAT WITH A
PALE MINK LINING**

DAVID BAILEY



Spare, sparse, narrow, shaped by long strokes of welt seaming—the prettiest new coat in town; of stone-grey diagonal tweed with a smooth, dry surface, cut in a marvellous long greyhound line, and taped just under the bosom with a whip of dark-grey kidskin. What else is new—and charming—the side-closing, narrow set-in sleeves; the little Chinese collar. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in Lesur diagonal-weave wool tweed. About $200 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Kislav gloves. Adolfo white leather kerchief hat. Tiffany jewels.

**THE NARROW COAT—
HIGH WAIST,
TAPED IN LEATHER**

DAVID BAILEY

The greatest new coatdress in town—which means, simply, one of the greatest fashions you can step into now (and stepping in is the approved means of entrée). Closer, narrower than a coat, more substantial than a dress, the coatdress can be worn like a suit—indoors or out. It's done here, freshly and vigorously, in mushroom-and-white rough tweed, with a long racy, unbroken line that follows the body, yet barely touches it. Sleeves, narrow; collar, well away from the neck. Superb with gold jewellery, a red leather kerchief. Coatdress by Ben Zuckerman, in wool tweed; about $250. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Tiffany gold jewellery. Jacqueline Cochran's Dazzling Coral lipstick.



THE COATDRESS—
RACY CHEVRON TWEED,
NARROW ALL THE WAY



Pale suit, playing it straight, left: A beautifully structured straight fall of flat pale wool, in a paleness somewhere between fawn and grey—the long, vertical line marked off by rows of gunmetal buttons. The planning here is all subtlety and charm . . . the narrow set-in sleeves, narrow flip of collar; the offhand pockets in the skirt; the jacket's quiet little finale of welt seaming—this, restated in the sleeves. Suit of brushed wool broadcloth, by Ben Zuckerman. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Gloves by Fuchs. Bracelets, heavy spirals of gold, from Tiffany. Adolfo's wrapped kerchief of shiny brown leather.

THE PALE SUIT; NOW PLAYING IT STRAIGHT

DAVID BAILEY

Pale dress, playing the suit-game, right: Lacy pale-grey wool in a two-piece dress with the precise tailoring of a suit. Long—almost to the hip—overblouse, with a half-belt in front; shoulders, sleeves, and skirt all done with this year's narrowness—and a wonderful rangy ease. With it, more pale tonalities: white crocheted stockings, white leather hat, fawn gloves. Dress of textured wool jersey, by Ben Zuckerman. Fuchs gloves. All, Lord & Taylor. Dress, also Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Tiffany jewels. DuBarry Coral #3 lipstick.



PALE DRESS THAT PLAYS THE SUIT-GAME

Tailored suit with feminine guile, left—a perfectly-cut dark-grey flannel suit with a fine, un-obvious spirit of *vive la différence:* in the collar, wide open to show a charming expanse of throat and neck; in the delicately-fitted little jacket, sparse shoulders, narrow set-in sleeves. Short, straight skirt with a swingy unpressed pleat, to swing over pale textured stockings. Suit, in English worsted flannel: Monte-Sano & Pruzan, designed by Jacques Tiffeau. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Tiffany gold jewellery. Adolfo hat of brown leather.

NEW CHARM FOR THE GREY FLANNEL TAILLEUR

DAVID BAILEY

Pale greatcoat, Regency-collared, right: peach-buff wool cut with a beautiful sense of architecture—all roundness, no bulkiness. A round of welt seaming outlines the low waist, the important patch pockets; rounded shoulders sweep smoothly into raglan sleeves; the Regency collar is rounded, rolled away from the neck. Absolutely smashing, as here, with dark-mushroom gloves, a shiny, horse-chestnut-brown leather turban. Coat by Cooper-Couture, in wool Melton cloth by Worumbo. About $235. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Viola Weinberger gloves at Bergdorf Goodman. Adolfo leather hat. Lipstick, on both pages: Moon Shell, by Michel.



THE PALE WOOL COAT
WITH A REGENCY COLLAR,
THE LOOK OF ROUNDNESS



THE BITE OF BLACK
IN HEATHERY PLAID—
JACKET ON THE BIAS

Plaid, on the bias, left: springy, deep-textured plaid tweed in this autumn's tonalities—fawn and grey, sharpened with black; jacket sliced on the bias, skirt cut straight, by one of the fastest draws in fashion now—Jacques Tiffeau, a 1964 Coty Award winner. The bias cutting, little round stitched rim of collar, whip of black kid at the waist—all add up to the vivacious, completely modern good looks that are Tiffeau's signature....Suit, of Linton plaid wool: Monte-Sano & Pruzan, designed by Jacques Tiffeau. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Pale pigskin gloves by Fuchs. A single gold shell pin by Tiffany. Narrow coat, moving with a swing, right: a magnificent coat of dark-mushroom-coloured Melton cloth that looks—is—narrow standing still. In motion, it shows an easy swing of fullness—released from the high, narrow armholes, the high waist; controlled by a deep pleat at the back. The front is single-breasted, shaped, buttoned in bone. Coat, in wool Melton cloth, a marvel of cutting by Ben Zuckerman. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel. Tiffany gold necklaces. Both pages: hats by Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue.



THE NARROW COAT—
WITH A SUBTLE
SWING OF FULLNESS

DAVID BAILEY



The thing about suit-blouses now: they're as beautifully cut as jackets, with a tailor's kind of precision in their shapes, seams, details. The blouse here—for a suit of clay-and-white herringbone tweed—ivory wool jersey, meticulously shaped with a perfect circle of binding at the neck, a narrow easy belt. Wool suit and blouse by Ben Zuckerman. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Textured putty stockings by Berkshire. Jewellery by Tiffany. Adolfo hat. Both pages: Be Natural lipstick, by Scandia.

THE TAILOR'S BLOUSE—
PERFECT LITTLE
SHAPE FOR TWEED

A suit with all the greatest, here, in dégagé good looks—a jacket with a whit of fit across the front, wide-angled revers that stay well away from the neck, a back that hangs straight; cropped to hip-bone length to show the fullness of a short wraparound skirt with two slit pockets that's marvellous on the move. Made of curry-brown wool tweed with gilt buttons, worn with this tie-in: a pale scarf-over-frame hat, loosely knotted at one side. Suit by Gustave Tassell; at Bonwit Teller; Harold's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Scarf-turban by John Frederics. Pale walking shoes by Pappagallo.



GREAT SUIT-SHAPING NOW— WRAPPED, TIED

DAVID BAILEY



The stripling coat, left, a great lean look in this beautifully lean fashion-year. Palest pearl-colour with a snug little body, long narrow sleeves. By Seymour Fox, of Anglo wool, loomed in America. About $245 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Wm. H. Block. Hat by Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue. The in-suit blouse, cut to perfection, opposite, in creamy wool jersey with a round neck carved gently away from the base of the throat. Pinned at one shoulder here, a family of enamelled gold beetles. All, with a suit of pink-and-white chevron wool tweed, worked horizontally. Suit and blouse by Ben Zuckerman. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. All: Lord & Taylor. Suit and blouse: Montaldo's; Dayton's. Pins by Tiffany. Adolfo hat. Lipstick lighting here: at the left, Lights Up Apricot; at right, Lights Up Beige. Both by Dorothy Gray.

THIS YEAR'S COAT—
PALE, PARED, STRAIGHT

DAVID BAILEY

THE MARVELLOUS BLOUSE—PALE JERSEY, ALL PURE CUT



THE TAILOR'S NIGHT OUT—
LONG WOOL SUIT OF
PEACH-BUFF

It's the tailor who shapes the evening looks here, sending you into the night in thinnest wool with the glitter of jewelled buttons. The look: long, charmingly small-boned, pale, creamy. The evening suit, opposite, in two pieces, two peaches—a long narrow sleeveless dress of pale peach worsted, with a double-breasted jacket of heavier wool tweed, the same peach colour. This look: a tailor's trimmest—small, perfect for an opening night, a dinner party. By Ben Zuckerman. White gloves by Marcel Wagner. All at De Pinna. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Richelieu necklace. Lace boots by Herbert Levine; at Bonwit Teller. Pale dove-grey, this page, a Regency night-shade that's all flattery in an evening coat of wool broadcloth, flawlessly tailored with a round collar, snug double-breasted shape widened at the hem, two back vents. By Ben Zuckerman. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Dayton's. Earrings by Apex Art. Coiffures by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. Joseph Fleischer hairpieces.

LONG EVENING COAT—
IN A CAVALRY SHAPE,
PALEST WOOL

DAVID BAILEY

THE GREATEST COAT:
SUPERB TAILORING,
A GALLANT TWILL
THAT TAKES STORMY
WEATHER AS IT COMES

NORELL

Norman Norell has done it again—he's topped his own dauntless, American style with an autumn collection of clothes that are beautiful (no other word will do), vividly modern, and designed for living. Consider the American climate, for instance—even the British have been known to call it "hostile"; and Norell with his usual clear thinking faces squarely the fact that it's "unsettled," often partly this and partly that. His answer: the superb new coat he calls the "bad-weather coat" made of gutsy flat-surfaced wool that will take sudden rain and snow in a breeze without being, in any routine sense of the word, a storm coat.... On the other hand, take glamour, take allure—Norell's clothes have it: all the dazzling sequin dresses, this time with occasional half-veilings (Continued next page)

Left: Lively sage-green "bad-weather" coat of twilled wool with Halston's cropped-brim sou'wester. Under it, a soft sprout-green jersey dress, jersey stockings to match. Costume by Norman Norell; at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Hat to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Kislav gloves. Marvella fake-pearl earrings. *Right:* Straight trousers, vesty camisole, and a perfectly proportioned topcoat of haberdasher's wool in grey herringbones. By Norman Norell, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Gloves by Lanolav, at Bergdorf Goodman. For both costumes—sturdy, almost flat-heeled shoes by Debusschère; at Belgian Shoes.

DAVID BAILEY

THE PANTS
TURN-OUT

PERFECT TOPCOAT,
VESTED CAMISOLE

NORELL

of willowed ostrich; a mechanic's suit of matte reptile brocade; the fascinating pyjamas of crêpe or thinnest wool to wear for dinner, possibly to a night place.The round muffs, perfectly proportioned for his flawless suits.... In every Norell look: a subtle, exact balance of tonalities—under dark coats, pale jersey dresses with jersey stockings extending the same tonal line to where the shoes begin. Colours managed so skillfully one scarcely sees them; then a quick jolt of flame or a gold-spangled skin-diver's suit to wear when the home fires burn in the evening—no better lighting anywhere for *that* kind of fashion.... This is the suit news from Norell; skirts with bouncing pleats, or wide-swinging gores that spring into a vivacious fling of motion.With these: natty little short jackets, rather more *femme* than his previous bellhop jackets, often finished with a disarming soft bow of grosgrain or lacquery ribbon at the neck, adding a tantalizing flick of innocence to a very worldly manner....All these clothes were photographed on Sheelagh and Yvonne, Norell's models, just as he showed them.

Right: Norell's new suit look in charcoal wool tweed—wide-hemmed skirt with the bounce of shaped gores starting at the waist; cropped, double-breasted jacket with a black faille bow; and in the same faille, a gob's hat—oval instead of round. The blouse: black jersey; superb. *Opposite:* the same suit photographed from the back to show the whoosh of fullness at the centre of the skirt, the sparse excellent shoulders of the jacket. At Evelyn Byrnes; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Halston hat to order: Bergdorf Goodman.

FOR A NEW SUIT: THE BOUNCE OF WIDTH, A SECTIONED SKIRT



SAME SUIT:
THE SPRING OF
FULLNESS
AT THE BACK
OF THE SKIRT

DAVID BAILEY

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

21
IS

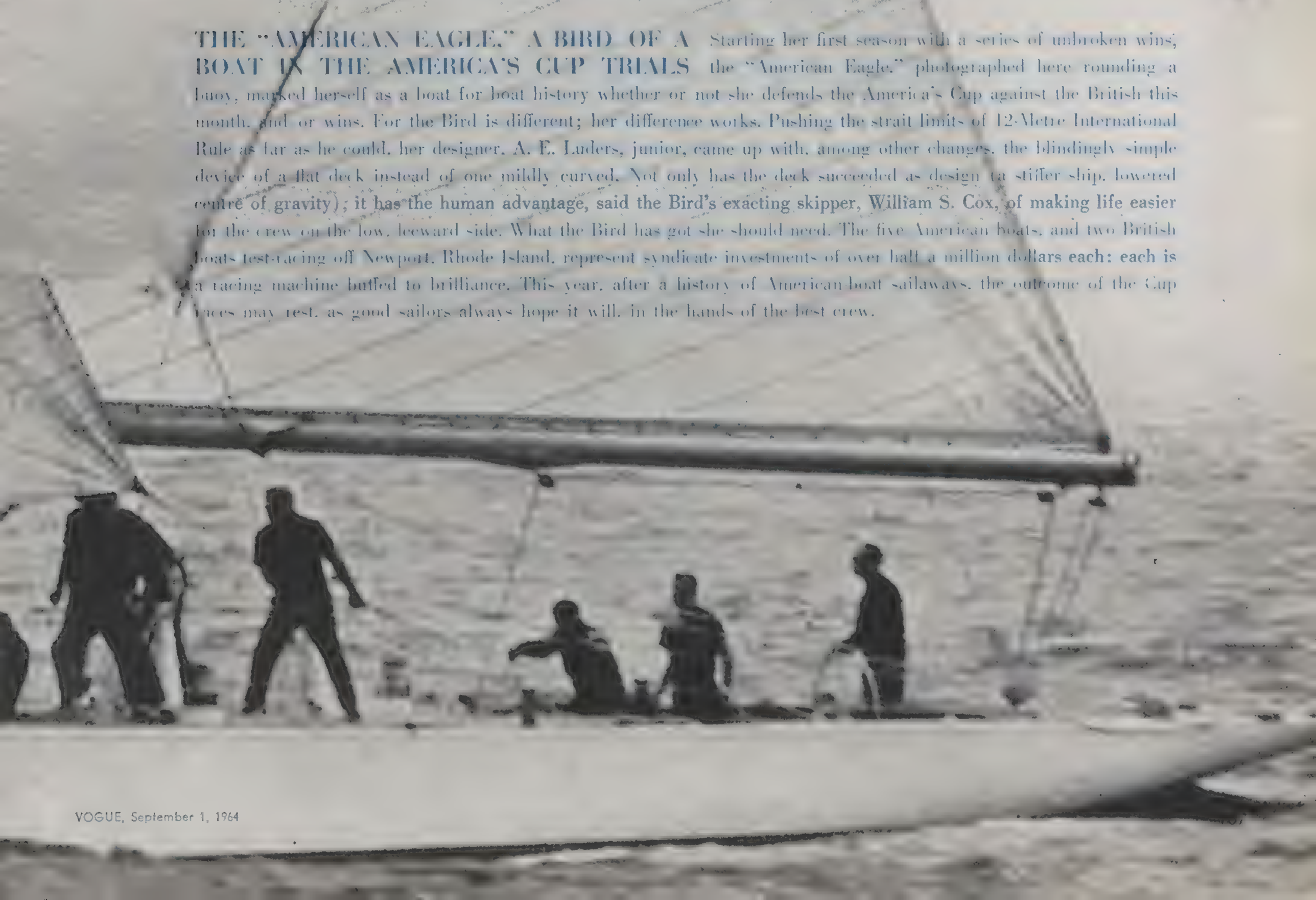
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fresh realization of the importance of the words Vice President. . . . Senator Barry Goldwater and Republicanism all over the world. . . . Old Josh Billings' inscrutable definition of conservatism: "a bag with a hole in it." . . . The Beatle movie, *A Hard Day's Night*, which, in spite of jiggly camera work and no plot, silverplates the boys' total appeal: their sudden, surrealistic, shorthand funniness, their gentleness with fools including a cross old man who fought the war for them, of whom they kindly ask, "Bet you're sorry you won?". . . . In Paris, the play by Samuel Beckett, *Comedy*—three performers in jugs, a triangle plot of asphyxiating sordidness, and a success.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Baseball, the fever after ragweed. . . . The next Ian Fleming, a suspense story for kids about a car named Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang and a villain named Man-Mountain Fink. . . . In France the Toulouse-Lautrec art exhibition at Albi, a gathering of paintings so complete, so radiant it wipes out clichés. . . . The bounce of Whisky à Go-Go, a Los Angeles discothèque that keeps, for kicks, a girl doing the Watusi in a glass box.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Missa Luba* recorded in Latin and with an advanced-jazz beat by forty-five Congolese boys who were trained by a Belgian priest and call themselves "Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin." . . . The seduction of French movie-goers by Jane Fonda in *Les Félins*. . . . In England, the dazzle of Peter Shaffer's new play, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, about the conquest and destruction by Spaniards of the Inca kingdom in Peru: the play's epic size, the production's all-out grandeur foxed some critics into missing points, while one of the sharpest wrote, "I do not think the English stage has been so graced since Shaw was in his heyday half a century ago."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In England, a Northern nightclub, La Dolce Vita, that looks a bore, catches all the fun, beats London clubs with the draw. . . . On radio, "The Shadow," in original recordings of the thirties, restoring that ripely obsolescent hero, Lamont Cranston, wealthy man about town. . . . Another dance, the Block: dancers shake, leaning forwards from the hips, look like lanky dwarfs. . . . *The Inevitable Americans*, a highly inflammable new book, loving and explaining Americans, by John Greenway, a witty anthropologist who likes to give accepted ideas the hot foot, thus insuring that his readers will argue and explode; among his more acute observations: "People do not love men who give them truth, but rather men who give them illusions."

THE "AMERICAN EAGLE," A BIRD OF A BOAT IN THE AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS Starting her first season with a series of unbroken wins, the "American Eagle," photographed here rounding a buoy, marked herself as a boat for boat history whether or not she defends the America's Cup against the British this month, and or wins. For the Bird is different; her difference works. Pushing the strait limits of 12-Metre International Rule as far as he could, her designer, A. E. Luders, junior, came up with, among other changes, the blindingly simple device of a flat deck instead of one mildly curved. Not only has the deck succeeded as design (a stiffer ship, lowered centre of gravity); it has the human advantage, said the Bird's exacting skipper, William S. Cox, of making life easier for the crew on the low, leeward side. What the Bird has got she should need. The five American boats, and two British boats test-racing off Newport, Rhode Island, represent syndicate investments of over half a million dollars each: each is a racing machine buffed to brilliance. This year, after a history of American-boat sailaways, the outcome of the Cup races may rest, as good sailors always hope it will, in the hands of the best crew.



MAX ERNST

ONE OF THE GREAT SURREALISTS,
AND HIS WIFE, DOROTHEA TANNING,
AN AUTHORITATIVE PAINTER; THEIR LIFE
AT THEIR FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE WHERE
"EXPECTATION IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN"

MAX ERNST

BY JOHN RUSSELL

Max Ernst was born within earshot, almost, of a great river, the Rhine. Today, seventy-three years later, secure in his reputation as a great maker and manipulator of enduring images, he lives within sight, almost, of another great river, the Loire. Anyone can see the point of the Rhine: for an idea of depth and strength and energy and irresistible onward flow, Europe has nothing to equal it. But the Loire is a different matter. Its majesty is relaxed and hesitant. Unhurriedly it feels its way around the reed-thick pincushiony islets, each with its attendant whirlpool, that make a canoe the best of all modes of progression along its great indolent middle reaches. To the travelled visitor who comes upon these by surprise it will suggest a Mississippi long gone to sleep or a Congo shorn of its garlands.

It was on the south bank of these middle reaches that Max Ernst and his wife, the painter Dorothea Tanning, pulled up short just on ten years ago in their search for somewhere to live. It could have been an accident of the property-market; but I prefer to believe in the sage operation of instinct. Where they came to a halt is, as near as makes no matter, the middle of France. Equidistant alike from the Mediterranean and from the coal fields of the north, it marks a discreetly luxurious middle-ground. You can find almost anything in Touraine if you know where to look for it: *foies confits* in Blois, troglodytes in Courtineau, melons in Langeais, the tombs of English royalty in Fontevrault, lamprey and shad in the Loire itself, the dolmens of prehistory in Crouzilles and Mettray, macaroons in Corméry, the memory of Balzac in Saché, rectangular town-planning in Richelieu and, at Chanteloup, the prettiest pagoda west of the Yangtze.

Max Ernst has in him nothing of the detached aesthete, but after a long period in exile the nearness of so much that speaks for the delicacy and ingenuity of European civilization might well have tempted him. While in America, where he arrived as a refugee in 1941, he had married Dorothea Tanning, and from the happiness of this union radical changes in his art had followed. From having been for many years our first poet of catastrophe and a master-architect of warnings and premonitions, Max Ernst turned for his subject matter to private happiness and the cultivation of fancies in which no hint of harm resided. With the huge canvas called "Vox Angelica" of 1943, which now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Julien Levy, he took formal leave of his old preoccupations: thence-forward the lyrical and the elegiac predominate in his work, and even the death of the poet Paul Eluard, which would once have prompted him to a great outburst of rage and grief, was treated with compassionate resignation.

To all this, the landscape of Touraine is the ideal counterpart. A French photographer once made an evocative jungle out of the countryside near the Ernsts' house, but the truth is that this is one of the most civilized of the world's landscapes. Nearer to Paris, and nearer to the Mediterranean, much of France is being turned into the ugliest country in Europe; but on the south bank of the Loire whole areas are much as they were when Leonardo da Vinci was lured to Amboise by François I and when Rabelais was born, in 1494, a mile or two from Chinon. There is hardly a barn in this part of France that doesn't sit the earth as if it owns it: stone weathers to the colour of lavender, slate takes on a thin magnetic blue, and you can walk for miles in the unaggressive countryside and find little that falls short of the standards of dignity that were set at the time of the French Renaissance. The jumbo coaches beat their path through the elongated feudal toy-town that bears the name of "Les Châteaux de la Loire," but a mile from their trunk-road the landscape is much as it was when Balzac described it in *La Femme de Trente Ans*.

So that altogether there could not have been a greater contrast than that between Touraine and Arizona, where the Ernsts had lived for the first years of their marriage. Like many another European in exile, Max Ernst had suffered desperately from the moral solitude of his first years in the U.S.A. But where others moped in bars or walled themselves up with fellow-exiles, Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning determined to replace moral solitude with physical solitude: to make off, that is to say, to a region where nothing could remind him of former days or burlesque the sociabilities of Paris. This they found in Sedona, Arizona, a high-lying township set in one of the world's most bizarre environments. The house that they built there, more or less with their own hands, still exists, as do the giant sculptures and the bas-reliefs with which Max Ernst left his mark upon a landscape rich in its own brand of fantasy. Patrick Waldberg, an early postwar visitor to Sedona, has pointed out that although Max Ernst has never in any sense "painted from Nature" there are premonitions of Arizona in his work from 1920 onwards; and there is certainly an extraordinary physical affinity between the landscapes of his liberated imagination and those which he was to find near Sedona.

But in the case of Touraine the affinities are those of the heart. In taking over, as part (Continued on page 233)

MAX ERNST, AT WORK, IN HIS STUDIO AT HUISMES, ON ONE OF THE TWO FIGURES OF HIS MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE "CAPRICORN."

LORD SNOWDON



MAX ERNST His house at Huismes, in the French countryside, once a "shaggy run-down farmhouse, one stage this side of dereliction," now a mixture of peasant solidity, fantasy, and superb art, enormously comfortable, undefinably odd and unexpected. *Above:* the dining room, high ceilinged and sunlit, at once rustic and imposing, holds much of the Ernsts' primitive-art collection (largely American). Over the table: "Un Peu de Calme," painted by Max Ernst in 1939, is half framed by a long stretch of leaves. At the table's left and right: two wicker beach chairs. The rug was woven to Ernst specifications. Below the painting, an animal-headed trough, a sign of hospitality, from British Columbia holds the wine of the countryside.

LORD SNOWDON

Above left: the entrance of "Le Pin Perdu"—a pale-blue iron gate, French-farmhouse piers—opens onto a courtyard studded with Ernst sculptures, carefully sanded for games of *boule*. The house is white stone, with pale blue outlining windows and doors. *Middle left:* the upstairs living room, book-walled. At the left, the top of a spiral staircase leading to the dining room below; on the sofa at the far left, a corner of one of a heap of red, heavily embroidered Turinese cushions; on the floor, a rug designed by Max Ernst; on one of the ash-grey beams, a stuffed owl. *Below left:* the kitchen, finished by Mrs. Ernst with tiles rescued from manufacturers' throwaways, has an air of French tradition, the ways of American practicality. *Right:* clustered on the white bedroom walls, a number of small, bright pictures by Max Ernst.



THE ENIGMATIC FASCINATION OF CHARLES DE GAULLE:

"THE MOST DISCONCERTING, THE MOST SINGULAR AND YET THE LEAST MIRACULOUS OF LIVES"

BY FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

THE GREAT AND CONTROVERSIAL FRENCH WRITER

Another book about De Gaulle! It amazes me that I agreed to write it—and amazes me even more that I wrote it with such ease, such joy. For, approached by a publisher, I first had the impulse to refuse. I am a journalist, and for years now almost every week I have said my say about De Gaulle. What could I add? I had written what I thought of him a hundred times over. I had endlessly discussed his past history, and the history he is making now. What could I do but repeat myself? So I avoided the obstacle.

But De Gaulle is a fascinating figure. The more one considers him, the more astonished one becomes. Of course his external career has been described many times; I can only repeat in my book what has already been handled by everyone else....True, yet I am (perhaps mistakenly) reassured by the thought that as a result of the questions I put to myself about De Gaulle, and of the answers I give to them, this book will be different from those which have already been devoted to him.

I have conceived it, specifically, as an examination of political conscience. I am trying to understand the choices I have made. I am not inventing excuses for myself, nor attempting to award myself any medals: I am simply trying to find out why I am a Gaullist and why so many others are not.

That is, in fact, the real subject of my book. On this last point—why so many others are not Gaullists—I have followed my ideas to their conclusion. I have denounced the scandal of a Left mobilized against its own policies, policies which only General de Gaulle has been able to put into effect. This is what the Left cannot forgive him first of all. But the real reason for its hostility can be put in five words: careers interrupted by a destiny.

My book, then, has a polemical aspect. Of course I am a partisan, and I have not pretended I am not. But again, a partisan who asks himself questions and who, being a Christian and a Catholic, finds himself ensnared in contradictions which he does not try, on the other hand, to evade.

From this point of view, I hope I shall be granted the justice I deserve. I love and admire De Gaulle, but I have not always agreed with him, *(Continued on next page)*

GENERAL CHARLES A. DE GAULLE,
THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE,
PAINTED BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI

"DE GAULLE IS AS ALONE

and even today my feelings are divided in his regard. At certain periods I have kept my distance —the period [from 1947 to 1953] of the R.P.F., Rassemblement du Peuple Français, for example, which rightly or wrongly (and, as a matter of fact, it was both rightly and wrongly) seemed to me at the time an error and a fault as well. But since 1954, as the first volume of my Bloc-Notes *testifies, I have realized that the General was our last resort, and that the policy of Pierre Mendès-France, which I championed at the time, had no chance of being fulfilled except by De Gaulle: which indeed has come to pass. It is because I supported Pierre Mendès-France ten years ago that I endorse today what De Gaulle has done, which is precisely what Pierre Mendès-France would have wanted to do if his hands had not been tied.*

This book is significant chiefly as a "political confession," for whatever of myself I have been able to put into it. Yet De Gaulle is not just an excuse an old author has seized upon in order to talk about himself: De Gaulle will be present—and directly present in this work. Directly, and not through the intermediary of the author. This is what I mean, and how I conceived my work: in a single impulse and without referring to any documents I wrote what I thought of my subject, drew him according to my idea of him. Then, this first sketch completed, I re-read his books, his speeches of the last thirty years, and I confronted my own text with those of my hero. In other words, instead of starting from documents to write my book, I first delivered myself of what was within me, and then looked in the Gaullist texts for what might confirm or invalidate my intuitions. The reader will therefore find in my book many forgotten pages, for De Gaulle has sown his thought on every wind for thirty years.

And how clearly he has seen from the start, on every level, in every domain....But that is the entire subject of my book, and this not the place to broach it. What I can not dissimulate, however, is the astonishment felt by the historian before the destiny of Charles de Gaulle. Of course I thought I knew him, I did know him. But it is a long way from such remote and, in a sense, abstract knowledge to the immersion which this book has represented for me in the most disconcerting, the most singular, and yet the least miraculous of lives: I mean the least subject to chance and the most dependent on deep thought and an inflexible will.

What can be achieved by one man is incredible, when you think about it. More splendid destinies can be found, certainly, but not, I believe, more enigmatic ones. All great men, in the realm of good or of evil, have been military leaders such as Alexander or Bonaparte, or have had behind them a powerful party as did Hitler, or a great and united nation. De Gaulle is as alone as a man can be, and to the degree that he incarnates something, it is a crushed and dishonoured nation, one that no longer exists in the eyes of its allies. And that De Gaulle, twenty-four years after the ascent out of this abyss, should be in the Elysée, and that from there he should be directing the policies of France, and in such a manner that, as Shakespeare says somewhere, Europe and the rest of the world no longer feel caught between two jaws—that is cause for wonder.

And yet De Gaulle has accomplished, by himself, something still more difficult, something we should not believe, were we not here to witness it: he has obliged *(Continued on next page)*

AS A MAN CAN BE"



"NO POWER IN FRANCE WAS EVER MORE SOLID"

the French to renounce the parliamentary institutions which, for the majority among them, were identified with authentic democracy. The chaos of all parties, Right and Left, and of the labour groups testifies to their common impotence.

And yet the adversaries of Gaullism are numerous enough in France to give a Gaullist partisan like myself the impression of sharing in some sense the solitude of my hero. Of course an enormous party, the U.N.R., Union pour la Nouvelle République, exists only because of De Gaulle, and the political fortunes of those who constitute it are dependent on his own. But outside of this closed world—among intellectuals, university men, and students, as in labour circles and even more in the salons of Society—the name of De Gaulle awakens mistrust and occasionally an antipathy which is all the more striking in that no power in France was ever more solid, more ineradicable than his. Never was the opposition more divided, more disarmed than it is today. I have attempted to make clear the reasons for this apparent contradiction.

All the books devoted to General de Gaulle resemble each other at least in the last chapter. All might be subtitled "The Unfinished Symphony." So long as a man is alive, and not only alive but in the heat of action, it is a great temerity to dare pass judgment on his life. For it is at the moment of death that the sum appears and becomes irrefutable. It is our death that judges us. So long as the hero is alive, we can only try to divine what the verdict of History will be. We can only judge of the facts beforehand.

I venture to hope, in conclusion, that this book may help our American friends to understand better that in Charles de Gaulle they do not have an adversary. De Gaulle's adversary was President Roosevelt, as the recently published letters make clear. But De Gaulle is against the subordination of France. Rightly or wrongly (events tend to prove that he is right) he believes that the independence of our foreign policy, which of course is consonant with his own passion, corresponds to the requirements of the international situation.

The author of this book, moreover, claims to settle nothing; he hopes to furnish De Gaulle's contemporaries, in America and in France, a point of departure for reflection, for argument, and even for vision—human politics also spring from illusions and from dreams.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY RICHARD HOWARD

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

François Mauriac, *opposite*, author of the article on these pages, is, at seventy-nine years of age, the youngest and liveliest of French polemists. He became a Gaullist because only De Gaulle seemed to him capable of realizing a liberal system of politics and of making peace in Algeria. That is the importance of Mauriac's new book, *De Gaulle*, which will be published this autumn in France. Mauriac is not Gaullist simply through fidelity or fascination, he is Gaullist to the extent that the General applies a political system. Mauriac's book is neither a declaration of love nor an unconditional benediction. It is a book of reason: as objective as it is warm. Today, if Mauriac, the novelist—in spite of the success of many of his novels (between 1922 and 1941 especially)—has very little influence upon the young in France, Mauriac the man in the public eye, Mauriac, the journalist (certainly the best in France), is hated and feared by some, respected by others. His weekly *Bloc-Notes*, first in the newspaper, *L' Express* and then in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, remain among the most widely read articles in the French press.Through the years François Mauriac has had an extraordinary career. A member of the French Academy from 1933, and Nobel Prize winner in 1952, he was promoted in 1958 to the highest grade of the Legion of Honour. He was a member of the French Resistance, and, later, a fervent supporter of Premier Pierre Mendès-France in 1956. He aroused his readers when he became a violent partisan of de-colonization and of the independence of Morocco and Algeria. Born in 1885 to a well-to-do Bordeaux family, François Mauriac could be the perfect example of a certain type of traditional Frenchman: provincial, bourgeois, Catholic, attracted to honours, passionate about politics. There is in him a taste for truth, a courage which preserves him from becoming simply a distinguished personality or a literary mummy.

BY FRANÇOIS NOURISSIER.



THE

DIOR CAP
A FALL
OF JET.
At I. Magnin.

PARIS WORD

THERE IS NO ARTIFICE...NO TRICKS. NO EXPERIMENTS. PARIS HAS THOUGHT THINGS THROUGH AND KNOWS THAT A WOMAN TODAY WANTS TO PROJECT HER OWN EGO; THAT SHE RESPONDS TO CLOTHES OF EASY PERFECT CUT THAT RELEASE HER OWN VITALITY OR LANGUOR, EMPHASIZING HER NATURAL DISTINCTION OF BONE AND CHARACTER; CLOTHES THAT SUGGEST THE GRACE OF A LITHE WALK AND IMPLICATIONS OF PLENTY OF DASH.... THIS IS THE FASHION AS PARIS SEES IT. THERE'S A MARVELLOUS ÉLAN IN THE FOCUS ON LEGS, THE SOFT HANG OF THE SKIRTS, THE PRECISION OF JACKETS, THE UNINHIBITING FIT OF THE HIGH ARMHOLE AND NARROW SLEEVE. AN INFINITE VARIETY OF TOPCOATS.... THE SMASH OF CHARCOAL WITH CHINCHILLA AND ORANGE.... A SURGE OF ALL THE BLUES FROM HARD ENAMEL TO PALE WATTEAU BLUE TO TURQUOISE EMBROIDERY ON IRIDESCENT INDIGO....ALL THE CAMELS AND BEIGES, SNUFF AND WILD MUSTARD....DEEPEST BROWN, SHIMMERING BLACK....VIOLET, AND THE FRESHEST, MOST APPEALING PINK....WHITE IS THE CLEANSER— MILK-WHITE PEARLS, WHITE HATS, HEMS AND HOODS EDGED IN WHITE MINK....AT EACH HOUSE THE SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS THAT ARE ITS SIGNATURE....CHANEL INSISTENT AS EVER ON CUT AND FIT AND THE PROJECTION OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE....DIOR: DELIGHTFUL, PRACTICAL, LUXURIOUS....AT COURRÈGES: A COLLECTION THAT IS A FAIT ACCOMPLI....FROM ST. LAURENT: NO HARD ANGLES; ENCHANTING TUNICS AND TUNIC SUITS; HIGH SMALL ARMHOLES AND LONG NARROW SLEEVES.... GRÈS: THE ROMANTIC WITHOUT NOSTALGIA; GREAT DRESSMAKING IN CONTRAST TO GREAT TAILORING.... AT EVERY HOUSE, THE FULL VOLUPTÉ OF A GLORIOUS MANNER MEANT ONLY FOR GLORIOUS EVENINGS....IN PARIS THE PLEASURE IN FEMININE ADORNMENT AND A SENSE OF COQUETRY FLOURISH LIKE BLOSSOMS IN AN ORANGERIE.

PENN



The night-ideas of Courrèges...

● Above: Silvered, hip-slung pants gleaming against a bare, bronzed tummy. White faille bonnet and coat rimmed with silver-sequin ball fringe; the bonnet tied in a square bow at the very tip of the chin. Evening boots of white faille. Pants turnout: I. Magnin.

● Below: For the theatre, for the night places—a pink wool suit opened on silver paillettes. The coquetry of bared knees above pink



kidskin boots, each with a flat little bow in front. A whole new proportion...boots at night much sexier than slippers. Suit at I. Magnin.

● Below: Pink pailletted boots—Courrèges showed them with a pink glitter dress, tailored pink coat. Pink boots are the newest Paris love at night—dreamy at home; dreamy with Courrèges's dress of pink lace, like crewel work on organza.





PARIS

Near left: Coat like a stretched-out riding jacket — vents on a low slightly shaped band, strapped sleeves, welting. Camel wool reversible to brown checks, showing a fraction of hip-slung skirt. With a turtle-neck blouse of camel jersey; checkered deerstalker. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Far left, top: All-weather turnout—creamy waterproof cotton with a smasher of a shirt in the supplest fake black patent. Button-down skirt and seven-eighths coat with bias everywhere—collar, sleeves, yoke—and square-seamed armholes. I. Magnin.

Second from top: Square-seamed arm-holes on a double-breasted double-faced suit. White collar rolled out on beige. Back-belted jacket, wrapped skirt, but-toned in white. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

Third from top: Definitive Courrèges dress-shape in white twill—small, shaped, touching nowhere. With little bias sleeves, oval neck, long centre seam. I. Magnin.

Fourth from top: Double-faced topcoat—camel with notched lapels of oyster gab-ardine, beautifully laid on. I. Magnin.

Below: Seven-eighths coat in Courrèges-white twill—small carved collar, high yoke, bias sleeves, back vents. I. Magnin.

Directly right: Pants turnout with this season's slightly longer coat. Creamy waterproof cotton—strapped raglan sleeves, low pocket flaps. In back: button-on belt over vents. Matching chin-tied bonnet. Brown jersey tunic and pants; brown snake boots. Best & Co.; I. Magnin.

Below right: Vent-view of the longer coat for pants. Camel with white-and-black Tattersall checks for a lining, tunic, hat. Pants and leather boots: camel. I. Magnin.



Courrèges: every detail polished, all dreams realized. Mannequins with a special chemistry— supple brunettes, sunburned as Basques, in clean white, beige... bronzed throats rising from the pure necklines...knees small and shiny under short agile skirts... pretty legs in the famous kidskin boots, square-toed now.



PENN



PARIS

Courrèges pants turnouts: a continuing delight– all perfect cut and balance... Hip-slung pants the new love... Luxurious contrasts of textures–fur with velvet, with twill...The white kidskin boots now peanut, pale avocado, brown snake, pink; pink satin boots for evening...Adorable little bonnets tied right on the chin– very sexy and young.

Left: Pants turnout in black velvet and white lamb. Jacket with strapped sleeves, belted across the back, double-breasted over a tuck-in blouse of black velvet. Hip-slung pants of white lamb slashed—in the Courrèges manner—on the instep of square-toed white boots. Tied on the chin: one of his sexy new bonnets in black velvet. At I. Magnin. *Right:* Brown-and-white ponyskin with Spanish-white twill. Side-fastened chopped coat and pants and one of the very beautiful, very simple Courrèges tunics —cut away from the neck, full of ease. Ponyskin bonnet; white kidskin boots and gloves. Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PENN



PARIS

Marc Bohan's double-barrelled suit-success for Dior: the ample, very moving pyramids here; narrow-bodied shapes next page. *Near right:* Foamy tweed—fuchsia and purple—laced with navy-blue velvet. More navy velvet for the turtleneck blouse, for the belt that cinches the soft full skirt, and navy leather buttons on the double-breasted jacket. Shown Dior's way: hair swept under a big, forward tweed beret. Mohair tweed by Dumas Maury. *Far right:* Stormy-day pyramid suit in charcoal poplin with a woolly sweater belted into culottes; flashes of patent-lightning...babushka; buttons; belts; shoes like chopped boots, cut below the anklebone. Poplin by Harry Ardit. Kislav gloves. Both suits are at I. Magnin.



Dior's great pyramids for day in foamy tweeds, in rain cloth... wide, swinging hip-long jackets held close through the shoulders by raglan seams, hung from back yokes over full skirts or culottes.

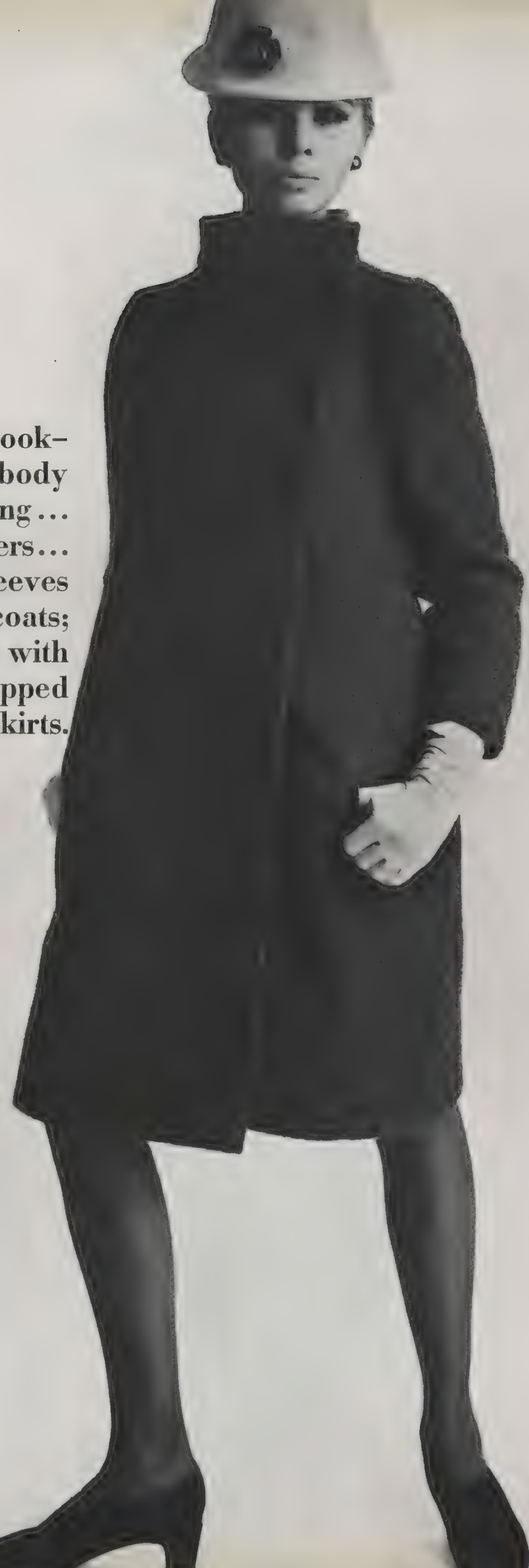




PARIS

Dior's narrow look– shaped to the body but not touching... Small perfect shoulders... Narrow wristbone sleeves on quick little coats; on proper city suits with high-buttoned jackets chopped short over easy skirts.

Pretty, no problems, a joy to wear: Bohan's bone-slender day shapes. Divine with the new Dior boot-shoe—curved below the ankle, straight heels. *Far left:* Pale-grey twill, fluff-of-chinchilla beret, black silk at the throat. Suit with short, bias-collared jacket, dropped shoulder seams, fly closing; and a coat carved along the same narrow lines. Of Moreau wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Left:* "Chez Lipp"—the biggest little suit at Dior. Charcoal wool with set-in sleeves over a funnelled white rabbit's-hair blouse. Daure wool. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Right:* Funnel-collared streak of a coat in brushed charcoal tweed; high-buttoned, side-buttoned over a matching dress. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Both pages: Kislav gloves.



PENN

Balmain: the small carved head that makes the Paris proportion... Close little jersey scarf-caps... Rugged tweed topcoats... The double neckline, funnelled.

Balmain's realistic topcoats—made for action and dash; worn with jersey scarfs, fitted tight to the head, making it small and neat. *Near right:* Free-swinging tweed topcoat of big herringbones—blue and turquoise, with cream. The suit, narrow white tweed. Cap and scarf of olive rabbit's-hair jersey. Coat fabric by Dumas Maury. *Middle right:* Topcoat with standing collar, high pockets, of horizontal tweed in beige, taupe, cream. Dress—and scarf-cap—of butterscotch wool jersey with welted raglan sleeves, funnel neck. Coat of Perceval wool. Suit fabric by Véron. *Far right:* The cap close-up—pale jersey, with folded tabs at the back. Caps, at Bergdorf Goodman. Both pages: Kislav gloves.



PENN


PARIS



PARIS

St. Laurent registered over and over again the suit with a tunic skirt… fluent evening clothes, charming dinner suits.

At St. Laurent, everything is fluid;
no hard lines, no sharp stops
or starts. Enchanting tunic ideas;
discreet, appealing suits;
languorous evening dresses.
Left: His most important suit—
beige jersey, the tunic skirt
panelled in front; the jacket, easy,
with a narrow leather belt.
Suit of Racine jersey; in America at
Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Roger Vivier shoes.
Right: Narrow black lace dress
with the stir of a ruffled hemline
that's mid-short at the front,
curves down to the floor at the back.
Of Dognin lace; in America at
I. Magnin. Earrings by St. Laurent.
Coiffure: Roger of Alexandre.





IN FRANCE, THE MASKED BALL GIVEN BY THE COMTESSE DE ROCHAMBEAU

AT THE PAVILLON COLOMBE—A SMALL, FORMAL, PERFECT PINK PAVILION BUILT IN 1770 IN THE VILLAGE OF SAINT-BRICE—AND SPREADING INTO ITS PRECISE AND LOVELY GARDENS, THE COMTESSE DE ROCHAMBEAU GAVE THE PRETTIEST PARTY OF THE PARIS SEASON. AS IF STUNG BY THE RAVISHING EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SETTING, MOST OF THE SIX HUNDRED GUESTS, LIKE CREATURES OF ANOTHER TIME AND PLEASURE (SOME OF THEM PHOTOGRAPHED HERE), ARRIVED COSTUMED TO THE LIMITS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FANTASY, ACCURACY, AND ENTRANCEMENT. MORE ABOUT THE ROCHAMBEAU BALL ON PAGES 124-

HATAMI

P.S.

ITS SINGULAR FRENCH PLEASURES
BY FRANÇOISE SAGAN

Yes, I have had a summer house. And I swear that it happened in spite of me. To begin with, I was tired of the Riviera. I found Saint-Tropez overcrowded. In fact there may have been just one person there who bothered me: "A single person can make a crowd." Therefore I decided to go to Normandy, a region which I did not know except through my reading of Flaubert and Maupassant. The prospect of plump cows relaxing on green pastures appealed to me more than the arrogant and angular human bodies loitering on beaches. I rented, by phone, a house near Honfleur. It was large, shabby, dilapidated, totally un-Norman, replete with hideous objects, surrounded by grass and trees. The weather in Normandy that summer was the finest on record since the war. We were ten to ramble through the corridors of this country house, ten to fight over its only bathroom, ten to wallow in the Normandy sunshine. The day I was to leave the owner returned, inventorized his porcelain vases, and offered me the house for a sum which I can only describe as being fitting for my means that year. (This is the only criterion I have ever found for financial matters.) I must have been in a good mood, or else I was dreaming of George Sand, or I might have drunk a Dubonnet. In short, I accepted. Without the vases, of course.

It is not excessively tragic to have a country house. One can make dinner-table conversation about it, reminisce about one's acreage and the perfumes of one's lands. I have even known myself to chat dispassionately about my cattle. But the day comes, the hour strikes, when *one must go there.* That is the first Horror of it. "There is no reason," one is advised from all sides, "there is no reason why, with your house in Normandy, you should bury yourself on the Riviera or yawn your summer away in the Alps. You have a country house, the time has come to take advantage of it."

The following summer, it rained abundantly. It even rained incessantly. The uniqueness of the single bathroom, which had been so picturesque the year before when we emerged tanned and salty from the Trouville beach, seemed intolerable. We fought over the hot water. We bored each other. We avoided each other. And where was there to escape to but the Deauville Casino six miles away? We returned at dawn, ruined, to our rainy mansion. I have never looked worse than I did after that hearty vacation in Normandy.

However, I loved that house. I found it insufferable yet seductive. I therefore decided—laugh on, ye gods who inspired me that day—I decided to make it livable; therefore, to remodel it. Second Horror of a country house: *The remodelling.* I was lucky, I admit, that it had gas and electricity. It needed running water, heating, bathrooms, and other such small items. The workmen cut two-mile-long ditches through the grounds to bring water. (I left my new car in one, one night!) The disoriented cows bellowed by the side of the precipices. Water pipes defaced the walls of every room. For reasons still mysterious to me there was one room, looking strikingly like an abstract painting, in which all the pipes met. Walls were torn down, new walls went up. The crew put out an astounding amount of work. I was working just as hard in Paris, typing with my left hand and signing checks with the right. One (Continued on page 241)

SUMME

ITS SAVAGE AMERICAN JOYS
BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

On a May morning seven years ago, I stood barefooted in a newly-furrowed plot of New England land sowing my first packet of bean seed. I was a twenty-six-year-old urbanite, the untutored bride of a nature-lover, and had inherited three weeks before an eighteenth-century farmhouse filled with photographs of beloved, passed-on dogs; dying plants; tarnished family silver; broken shoehorns; peeling wallpapers. It was a dwelling marked with that admirable indifference to the niceties of housekeeping or decoration which is the prerogative of all healthy, bookish, cultivated bachelors. I also inherited seventy-six head of Black Angus cattle which I had first identified as Guernseys, twenty-five laying hens, a large cutting garden from which I had already pulled all the columbines, two hundred and fifty acres of cultivable land, and a one-hundred-cubic-foot freezer in which it was suggested I store the produce of that land. Nature had begun her implacable tyranny over me.

"Meanwhile my beans," Thoreau wrote in *Walden*, "the length of whose rows, added together, was seven miles already planted, were impatient to be hoed . . . but why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows." Even the most eloquent naturalists struggle to describe that dumb, elemental, and often masochistic urge to wrench victuals from one's own soil. Intimate knowledge of the terrain is part of survival. I quickly decided that living in the country was, in one respect, like a trip to the Greek islands: a terrible bore if one did not know enough about the place. Seed catalogues and tree-identification manuals became my Iliad and Odyssey, Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds* my Pindar. Names of flowers, herbs, trees, and birds seeped triumphantly into my dense urban brain. My addiction grew with knowledge; I added asparagus, strawberry, and rhubarb beds, planted such exotic delicacies as finocchio, celeriac, Jerusalem artichokes, and Belgian endives; these seeds, ill-suited to our short summers, left some twelve extra rows of weeds to be pulled. The infectious urge to grow is followed by an even more tyrannical addiction: the urge to conserve. I have spent seven summers planting, weeding, culling, and, characteristic pastime of the twentieth-century country dweller, *freezing* the product of my land.

In my beautiful New England of long distances and brief summers, the instinct to store necessities of life is as strong as the urge to grow. The freezer is a cache for our prerequisites, a burrow for the fragrances of summer, our winter orchard. Storing feverishly for my winter's hibernation, every September finds me skinny, broken-nailed, and exhausted, the white metal tyrant fat with forty quarts each of baby corn, snow peas, stewed rhubarb, sorrel soup, and puréed pumpkin; an Angus steer, a veal, and five freshly-slaughtered sheep all neatly quartered in (Continued on page 241)

ITS ENGLISH LUNATIC CHEER
BY SHELAGH DELANEY

The first move of those newly risen to wealth and eminence is to purchase a plot of land on which to build a country house, for the country house is traditionally the centre of English family life—for those families at any rate who are economically free to choose where they will live.

For these families the country house is not a place designed for occasional use. It is not a shooting box or a hunting lodge. It is not a therapeutic centre. It is not a place to which people repair for the summer. Its designation does not necessarily indicate its character. It may be called CASTLE, ABBEY, PRIORY, COURT, MANOR, LODGE, HALL, NOOK, OR NEST, and it stands as a reminder to its owners that they exist to some purpose in the great world—this does not mean to say that such owners do not consider themselves lucky to be able to enjoy nature's loveliness all the year round. They know they're lucky all right, and pity the poor town dweller who must sit out the seasons in town in his hut of wattle and daub, only taking time out of it when his holidays come round. His two-weeks annual holiday are usually taken during the summer—this in spite of the fact that the English are profoundly mistrustful of their summers. Folklore abounds with warnings about one swallow not making a summer and not casting clouts till May is out.

The Continental can laugh at comic pictures of the Englishman on holiday sitting, more often than not fully clothed, on some damp seashore or beside some rushing mountain stream, timidly turning up his trouser legs and removing shoes and socks and dipping his toes into the water; but the best an Englishman can hope for when he wakes up in the morning is pouring rain—for rain before seven, fine by eleven. This gives him an even chance of a clear sky even if the grass is wet.

Other countries build open-air restaurants and theatres for their summer holidaymakers. In England the first priority is the rain shelter, which might easily be described as the traditional centre of English summer holiday life in the country. I wish I had a penny for every hour I have spent in a rain shelter watching the rain scour the landscape of people.

These shelters have a character all their own. Since the English pride themselves on their ability to read the weather correctly and on being, therefore, prepared for all contingencies, the shelter seats are usually occupied by rather elderly people looking indulgently smug because they read the weather signs better than you did and found cover first. So you stand while they sit. Some people make a beeline for the shelter as soon as they leave bus or train. Others hedgehop from one shelter to another, hope tentatively triumphing over experience. At first, as the rain falls (Continued on page 243)

FOR SHINING NIGHTS:
THE GLOW OF BLACK

DAVID BAILEY

The way to shine, these evenings, is in marvellous little Somethings with a gleam that's all their own. . . In changing lights of brocade, the romancy shimmer of satin, the polish of ciré. . . In shapes that are narrowed, with a way of showing off the curve of a neck, the creamy slope of a shoulder. In the enchantment of short skirts, long legs misted with lacy stockings. Bubbled black organza dress and jacket, left, that's all subtle roundness—from the satin-bowed neck with its tiny gathers curving the sleeves, to the bell-shaped skirt beneath a dropped waist. Underneath, the top skims high to satin straps, drops low in back. By Mademoiselle Ricci. About $160, of silk-and-nylon jacquard organza. Grandoe gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume: Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. All six pages: Hudson stockings: Lord & Taylor. Delman shoes. A great cascade of black ostrich feathers, above, on a snood that frames the face and neck with masses of soft tendrils in constant motion—marvellous for bistro dinners. By Adolfo. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.



Glimmering Versailles blue, this page, in a slender brocade skirt and hip-length overblouse—sleek as a fencer's jacket with narrow cuffed sleeves, an unpressed dart at one side of the neck, a neat bow at the other. Worn with a hat that's a froth of white ostrich feathers. Dress by Mollie Parnis. Of William Rose silk. About $190. De Pinna; Bramson; I. Magnin. Deeply bared back, opposite page, for the special charm of a one-piece white brocade dress buttoned like a cropped overblouse above a gently belled skirt. By Harold Levine. Of cotton, silk, and rayon (Couleur fabric). About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gus Mayer; Halle Bros. Kayser gloves. Both hats by Adolfo. Coiffure by Pierre Henri.



FOR SHINING NIGHTS:

LIGHT, BRIGHT
BROCADES



Wherever the fun is now, there's apt to be a girl in a polished little black suit—say, black ciré with the ripple of white satin, or discreet black wool played against the gleam of ribbony black satin. She's a wonderfully leggy girl, and her stockings better be lacy, racy, and black. Narrow black wool suit, this page, its blouse a deep-water glow of basket-woven black satin precisely squared at the neck, sleeked right next to the body, and stopped at the waist of the short, easy skirt. Suit by Christian Dior-New York. At Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros. Viola Weinberger gloves at Bergdorf Goodman. The hat of black flowers, by Emme. Coiffure by Pierre Henri. Shiny blistered black ciré suit, opposite page, a shoot of white satin ruffling the cuffs; more white satin for the sleeveless overblouse with a Pierrot ruff flipped over the jacket. By Rudolf, of nylon and acetate (Sheraton fabric). At De Pinna; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. Both pages: Arpad earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. Herbert Levine shoes. Hat by Miss Alice.

FOR SHINING NIGHTS:

THE SUIT WITH A GLEAM

DAVID BAILEY



The year's coat—marvellously small, narrow, shaped close to the body, tailored like a cavalry jacket extended to the kneebone. It moves into action with easy little vents or pleats, delightfully swingy over patterned legginess, bitter-brown tabbed walking shoes. *Left:* Pale-fawn wool coat eased into side-kick pleats—double-breasted, with a small welted collar, pea-jacket pockets. By Originala, of Anglo fabric. About $235. Emily Wetherby scarf. Both: Lord & Taylor. Coat: Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Beautiful Bryans stockings: Bonwit Teller. Both pages: Adolfo hats. *Right:* Two views of the same terrific coat—oyster-coloured wool, pared and spare, in a double-breasted coat neatly vented at the knee-back; narrow set-in sleeves, the tailored collar muffled, here, in stock-tied silk. Coat by Matlin, of Worumbo fabric, loomed in America. About $175. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. Scarf by Burmel, at Bonwit Teller. Stockings by Lady Exeter. On these four pages: Roger Faré gloves at Saks Fifth Avenue; Fiorentina shoes.

ACTION IN THE

NARROW COAT

BERT STERN





BERT STERN



Far left: Knee-action coat in snuff-coloured wool fleece—slender, double-breasted, breaking into inverted pleats below slit pockets. By Henry Friedricks for Brittany. About $145 at Lord & Taylor; L. L. Berger. The silk scarf by Burmel. Lacy stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Both at Bonwit Teller. *Left:* Pale-greige twill in a lean, double-breasted coat with close shoulders, raglan sleeves and collar defined in welt seaming, two little vents flicked over Argyle-striped stockings. Coat by Linker, of double-faced wool. About $145. Stockings by Bewitching. All at Bloomingdale's. Coat, also at Julius Garfinckel. Hats, here and at left, by Emme. *Right:* Long pleats, tailor's yoke—close-to-the-body coat in fawn-coloured wool; single-breasted, with set-in sleeves, carved pockets, strict sweep of pleats at the back. By Frank Gallant, of Worumbo fabric. About $175. Altman's; Joseph Horne; L. S. Ayres. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Adolfo hat.

THE NARROW COAT



PENN



FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND:

THE NEW CHARM OF NARROWED SHAPES, SKIRTS THAT SWING INTO AUTUMN

This year, the charm of the tailor's hand is in motion—in skirts that move . . . and in crisp, flicking pleats . . . in jackets that move in to define a supple body. There's excitement, too, in bold tweeds turned out in beautifully narrowed coats . . . in the controlled shaping of smooth haberdasher's fabrics in Regency tones . . . in perfect little pulls above short skirts, sensational patterned stockings. *Opposite page:* Giant charcoal-and-beige dog's teeth on a quick little wool tweed pull with an uncluttered neck drawn out to gently sloping shoulders, two tidy pocket flaps just over the waist. It's pulled on over a charcoal-grey wool flannel skirt that swings out from crisp front pleats. Both, by B. H. Wragge. About $110. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. *This page:* Chopped-coat suit in three pieces—a short-sleeved black wool pull sleeked to the hips over a slightly eased skirt of black-and-white diagonal wool tweed and a short, free-swinging coat of the same tweed. By B. H. Wragge. Coat about $145. Overblouse and skirt, about $100. Mimi di N bracelets. All at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Scarf-hats, both pages, by John Frederics (Fleming-Joffe suède).



FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND: NARROWER JACKETS, MOVING SKIRTS

Four terrific suits wanted right now—for their close-bodied jackets, walking skirts. *Near left:* Three-piece wool suit in a snappy grey-and-white plaid—chopped jacket with flap pockets over a storm-grey silk blouse, belted skirt with a big inverted pleat at the front. By Frank Gallant, of Anglo fabric. About $215. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; L.S. Ayres. Laguna necklace. Shalimar gloves. Adolfo black leather windsock. *Above, far left:* Bold black-and-white tweed in a hip-long jacket sashed in black leather, skirt eased with small tucks at the waist, black rayon crêpe blouse with a softly cowled neck. By Harrods, of mohair and wool. About $160. At Bonwit Teller; Woolf Brothers. The gloves by Kislav; at Best & Co. The Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Below, far left:* Marvellous suit in blue-and-black chevron tweed wool—narrow double-breasted jacket with a wide-open notched collar; walking skirt of full-blown pleats. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. Marvella necklace. All: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at L.S. Ayres. Shalimar gloves. Fedora by Lilly Daché. *Right:* A round of pleats makes the skirt of a sleeveless dress in Oxford-grey wool; the cropped jacket closes in a neat row of buttons off to one side. By David Kidd for Jablow. About $245. Viola Weinberger gloves. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Gidding-Jenny; Blum's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Zentall ring. Van Raalte stockings. Adolfo hat.



PENN

FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND: GENTLER SUITS, REGENCY TONES

Right, this page: Camel-hair suit paled to buff; cropped jacket lined in the same light wool—watercolour green—that makes the blouse. The walking skirt swings in one deep pleat over marvellous pale-snuff stockings, textured crochet. Suit by Cooper-Couture. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also Montaldo's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. Pappagallo shoes. Adolfo hat. *Far right:* Palest-mushroom alpaca suit—short jacket softly rounded beneath a row of buttons, with an off-the-neck collar revealing a smidge of the pale-grey silk blouse; skirt with an easy inverted pleat at the front. By Seymour Fox. Judith Green pin. Shalimar gloves. All: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also Woodward & Lothrop. Emme hat.



PENN

Suits in a spectrum of Regency tonalities—grey, snuff, buff, pale mushroom; all narrow through the body, with wide hems tipping the top of the knee. *Above:* Grey wool in a spare little jacket lightly shaped to the body, cut low on the hipbone, over a swing of pleats. Suit by Frechtel. About $245. At Lord & Taylor. Pins by Castlecliff: De Pinna. Halston patent leather beret; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* The snuff-coloured suit—belted jacket tabbed at the wrists; raglan shoulders, neck muffled here in school-tie silk; wide-panelled skirt. Suit by Christian Dior-New York, of cashmere and wool: Bonwit Teller. Fuchs gloves. *Below:* Double-breasted jacket, easy pleated skirt in red-white-and-black Glen plaid wool. The flash of scarlet at the throat and wrist: stock-tied blouse of peau de soie. The suit by George Carmel; about $175. At Lord & Taylor.



FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND: NEW IDEAS FOR THE BOLD, LIVELY TWEED COATS

Two coats, here, that are bold strokes of tweed—decisive, narrowed greatcoats with every line a definitive one, every seam placed where it counts ...rounding out a shoulder, skimming over a lifted belt, defining the edges of a wide notched collar. *Left:* Black-and-white wool tweed that's as grainy as tree-bark; a high sleeve-to-sleeve yoke gives a marvellously graceful slope to the shoulders. The deep-curved lapels fold flat or, turned up, rise all the way to the chin. Coat by Trigère. Marcel Wagner gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat, also at Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; L.S. Ayres. *Right:* Clear grey-and-white wool tweed—a demi-officer's coat with giant notched lapels opened all the way out to the shoulders, a lifted belt running through welted loops; welting around the edges, moving down the front towards a wide, mobile hem. By Trigère. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All at Bonwit Teller. The coat at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Woolf Brothers. Hat by Mr. John.

PENN





FROM THE TAILOR'S HAND: NARROW COATS, PALE COLOURS

Far left: A perfect little coat of pale oyster Melton cloth—narrow from notched collar to the top of the knee; close shoulders, set-in sleeves. By Zelinka-Mathick, of Worumbo wool. About $110. Altman's; Halle Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Laguna necklace: Bergdorf Goodman. Ivory stitched-kidskin fedora by Lilly Daché. *Right:* Buff on the outside, navy blue in—a spare little coat of double-faced wool. Welt-seamed, very light on the body, with a leash of navy-blue leather threaded high on the waist, handfuls of pearls on the throat. By and at Hattie Carnegie, of Garigue fabric. Coat also at Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The necklace by Pakula. Gloves by Kislav, at Best & Co. Lilly Daché hat.

PENN

BEAUTY BULLETIN

Vogue's September 1 report on the here-and-coming make-up

PUSH-BUTTON DAZZLE: THIS IS WHAT THE NEW MAKE-UPS OFFER BESIDES COLOUR... FLICKED-ON ELECTRICITY, AUTOMATIC BLOOM, IN SECONDS...

What's new in make-up? What *could* be new when there is, no question about it, a basic make-up of our time? This make-up has a rough recipe, approximate ingredients, general instructions. And it has, of course, its refinements, these reflecting the individual make-up philosophies of the individual make-up makers. . . . Of what this look consists, we'll review right here again (and, taking a leaf from the educators, probably again and again). Mothwing eyes. Neutral skin. Glow of rouge or blusher at forehead, chin, cheekbones. Brown or beige eye shadow. White under the lift of the eyebrows. Natural eyebrows. Lipstick which, in the plan of this face, can be as wildly diversified as brandy-brown or ripe apricot or 100-watt pink; frosted or not, as you like. . . . That's the total look that's here to stay, possibly for the decade.

What *is* new is the action going on over the groundwork, the dazzling-up of the understructure. It's as if, having learned her primer, every woman in the country is ready for the advanced course, looking for something besides colour, for more plot, more line, more glow; looking to transform a basically well-dressed face, especially an evening face, into an electrifying event.

Galvanized with excitement themselves, the make-up makers are providing the tooling for the big-time looks, inventing what it takes, and announcing all earlier than ever. Each major house will have a new look for the choosing—and those that haven't already declared their intentions will, between now and October 15. (Anyone not disclosing by the latter date is toe-dragging.) What they are proclaiming with a pleasant urgency is that they are all delivering something besides colour, expanding their experiments with light, moving into the field of flexible shimmer and shine for day, giving out with sophisticated wherewithal for face sculpture and instant skin radiance.

glimmer

Specifically: Ornamental make-ups that heighten, adapt, refresh quietly or dramatically the well-installed basic make-up. . . . Illumination in the form of pearlescence and gold. These ingredients are added to the formulae of the newest lipsticks, from which you get not only colour, but the living sheen of extra pearl or gold. . . . In one interesting case, sheen is implicit in a cake of gold powder. Dip a plump brush into this and dab on sparkle wherever you want—subtly or spectacularly. . . . In another fascinating instance, glimmer is a liquid-cream gold in a tube; spread it on the eyelids, use it in thin coats wherever you like. . . . In still another new instance, a subtle, light-bulb glow comes in a tube of what we think of as cream of pearl. . . . Not really make-up but an accessory to make-up, the pearl goes over lipstick, at the edges of a face, over eyelids, if you like. If you have a paintbrush as facile as a Japanese calligrapher's, and a hand as steady as a surgeon's, you can add cream of pearl in a little fringe of fake lower eyelashes. We tried it (see next page) and found it a stopper. . . . One company, exploring, experimenting, correcting, deleting, has arrived at a simple, similar conclusion: pearliness adds something to everything. They issue a stick of pearlescence, therefore, and mean to see it used as a free agent. Day or night, on lipstick, under eyebrows, or in any gloomy shadow of a face, one fast stroke of the pearl stick turns the lights on in a flick. A thin rubbing (Continued on page 223)

Gold on gold on golden girl

The glimmer here has a heart of pure gold—not a golden yellow but a real Pre-Columbian gold that comes out of a tube, out of a foundation cream jar, out of a powder box, out of a lipstick case. The face shines through a pale gold foundation, reinforced in strategic sections with Lustre Glow cream, dusted with Glowing Gold powder. The eyes are glittered with Roman Gold eye shadow, a luminous gilt treasure captured for the first time in a tube. The mouth smoulders with Pink Gold lipstick. All these, Frances Denney's new version of a gold standard that company started last year, not just for evening but to reflect the sunlight, too. Make-up at Lord & Taylor. This, and the three-piece gold brocade suit by Lilli Ann (about $170), also at Lazarus; Frederick & Nelson. Necklaces by Apex Art. White gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Hair design by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.

DAVID BAILEY



Pearls wherever you want them—
over eyelids, under eyelashes....

Or as an electrifying sealer over lipstick;
or instant illumination at the edges
of the face....The make-up
that does all this is unique;
a creamy liquid in a
tube, it dries quickly, fits as
tautly as the outer skin of a
pearl. It's Precious Pearl,
by John Robert Powers.
The hat, a silver fox
nanook by Adolfo for
Tiffeau & Busch. At
Bonwit Teller;
I. Magnin.



BEAUTY BULLETIN



The new ornamental make-up— glinted with gold....

Biggest single piece of news here: gold as an accessory to make-up—gold from a compact which encloses a cake of gold pressed powder. Called Night-Light Gold, it's dusted right onto the middle of the forehead here. But it could brush up any part of the face that wants pointing out, tip of nose included. Underlying all, an invitingly neutral foundation, Pale Champagne. These, and the new Rousing Red lipstick, by Germaine Monteil. Moroccan caftan. All make-up and caftan at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Hair by Daniel of Kenneth's.

BERT STERN



BEAUTY BULLETIN

Beige make-up with two new ways to capture light

The make-up at left began where any good make-up begins: with an idea. The idea was beige. Beige because it's a young colour to wear. Beige because it's an enlightened colour to wear—on a face, on eyelids, over lipstick. Beige because that's what Estée Lauder had a special feeling for. . . . Her first satisfaction in putting together her new beige look was an eye-shadow stick in three beiges, each glimmered with gold. (All three—bisque, pure beige, and smoke brown—are worn in tiers at left.) Pleased with this dreamy, no-colour eye, she moved on to the blusher question. Having been first on the local scene with a creamy blusher, she decided to work toward a brush-on rouge—but to this she added the new thing: sparkle. (Small glints of light are mixed into the moulding colour.) Next consideration: foundation with which brush-on rouge was simpatico. Because she found oil-based bases tend to feud with powder rouges, she revised her water-based foundation in three new beiges. Lipstick to seal the look was the final thought. Looking over her present range of lipsticks, Mrs. Lauder decided to add: exactly nothing. "Take any shade, give it a topcoat of our Brown Sugar, and you get softness; a mouth that looks vulnerable." The complete "Tender Young Beige" look by Estée Lauder is at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Mr. John scarf.

BERT STERN

MORE ABOUT THE NEW MAKE-UP CHARGED WITH LIGHT...MORE ABOUT THE GREAT NEW GLIMMER

(Continued from page 218) of the stuff, carried anywhere on the face, makes a creamy foundation glimmer a little more. . . . Which carries us to the next thought. . . . There are, noticeably, far fewer shades of make-up foundation. Most of the with-it cosmetics houses are cutting down on the endless range of facial tints supplied in foundation colours. They're offering instead a basic neutral shade, at its best, buff or putty in tone, and a few slight variations on this. With this good reason: there's no need now to put the tint in a foundation when, with rouge or blusher, a woman can put tone where she wants and to the degree she thinks best for her. This is make-up sophistication at a new and highly efficient level. In selecting her own rouging areas instead of spreading one tone across her face, a woman moulds her face as well as colours it. (Such a notion was, even as recently as two or three years ago, thought to be pretty unthinkable—"too tricky for the average woman to handle," was the view of most cosmetics specialists. Eating their words, they're revising their products between gulps.) . . . In line with the fewer foundation flavours, there are fewer shades of face powder. Much the same reasoning prevails with the better-informed powders. The basic shade is, guess what, *no shade.* It's simply a dab of neutrality to muffle a shine, and this generally only on the centre panel of the face.

Are there any changes in procedure to speak of? A few. For instance, the great face designers appear to be moving away from eyeliner. They're letting multiple sets of fake eyelashes establish the eyelid line, and they consider this quite eye-opening. For the moment the deletion of eyeliner probably will be confined to the goings-on at the great make-up salons where fake eyelashes are applied so cleverly they can work as substitutes for eyeliner. Among women with less savoir-lashing, working at their own dressing tables, eyeliner will continue to hold its place for a while at least. ...Other procedural changes have to do with make-up brushes. Brushes are big. For everything, that is, excepting lipstick. Although they use brushes to stroke on both eye-shadow cream and eye-shadow powder, brushes to make up eyebrows, smooth on foundation, dust on powder, spread on highlights, two of the great make-up designers, whose on-going views and taste are always clues to what's to come, no longer like brushed-on lipstick. Their reason: they like a soft mouth with no hard, fixed outline.

BULLETIN ON HOW TO MAKE ANY MAKE-UP LAST LONGER: PUT IT ON ABSOLUTELY FRESH SKIN...

News about this: any creamy cleanser works in a team. If you use one maker's cleanser, use the same maker's freshener. Each house plots in balanced pairs. Another freshener, no matter how good, will destroy the balance.

As make-up softens, as out-and-out startles of gilt and silver and pearl become in-ner and in-ner, the new facial policy is this: this decade's face lustred up with this season's enlightenment. For the woman who has come to understand that you don't wear the same coiffure day and night, it's an easy step to light out onto hitherto uncharted make-up trails; to make, thereby, a face look younger, more responsive; to reach out for, and lure in, a face's inner and outer glow. . . .



H. M. HASSAN II KING OF MOROCCO

THE RARELY PHOTOGRAPHED
ROYAL COURT OF MOROCCO—
A PORTFOLIO OF EIGHT PAGES
BY CECIL BEATON



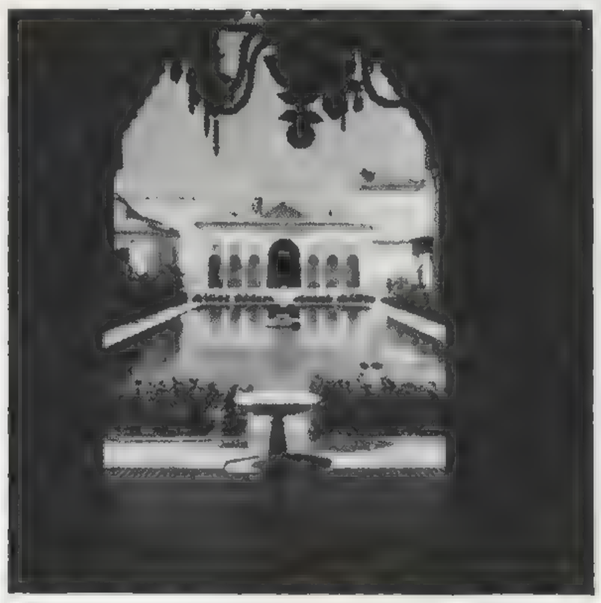
A young king of exceptional intelligence, imagination, and force, His Majesty King Hassan II has ruled since 1961 the beautiful, turbulent country "where day and night meet and Atlas upholds the Heavens on his head and his hands." Stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Sahara, Morocco contains glories as large as the Atlas Mountains under pearl skies, as immediate as sable-brown camels, black sheep, nonesuch roses, and as remote as the horizon eternally traced with still another crenellated city. In this land of extravagant contradictions, eleventh-century cities, and fine modern roads, live almost twelve million people, a tautly balanced mix of races, beliefs, drives. From his capital city, Rabat, King Hassan, who is a scholar of both Arabic and French, with a mind well-furnished in literature, sociology, and law, rules with grave concern for his country's thousand-year traditions, and with a young man's perspective on the future.



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOROCCO

H.R.H. Princess Lalla Aicha, *left*, dashing, dark-haired, with an overdrive of energies, plays a decisive rôle at court, receiving, with her brother, the King, visiting Heads of State. A heroine to Moroccan women, she acts as President of the Croissant Rouge (Red Cross) and of the Entraide Nationale, the administrative centre of all welfare agencies. She prefers European dress to the caftan, rides astride, and drives a racy Alfa-Romeo. In Rabat, where she lives in a great white villa with her husband, a gentleman farmer, M. El Yacoubi, and their small daughter, Princess Zoubida, she often entertains friends in a private *salle de cinéma* with a late show of new movies. (The films, borrowed from Rabat's big movie houses, are returned in time for the matinee.) H.R.H. Princess Lalla Fatima Zohra, *right below*, a woman of quick humour and charm, is a half-sister of the King, and the wife of H.H. Prince Moulay Ali, *right*, a distinguished businessman and banker, and a cousin of the Royal family. With their young daughter, Princess Joumala, they live in Casablanca. Morocco's Royal family—notably young, regal, and attractive—descend from the great Alaouite dynasty which has ruled the country since 1664.







In Fez, *left*, a walled tenth-century city with the Royal palace, *above*, of a thousand rooms, slender pools, and painted doors, *below*.



CECIL BEATON



THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF MOROCCO

In the palace gardens of Rabat, the Royal children of Morocco, H.R.H. Prince Sidi Mohammed, the one-year-old Crown Prince, and his sister, H.R.H. Princess Lalla Miriam, live in their own white, green-domed villa, where, often wearing gingham French *madeleines*, they play in gleaming tile nurseries. They were photographed, here, in Moroccan dress exquisitely embroidered and jewelled by palace artisans. The King, a devoted father, sees them often, has taken his young son to the Mosque with him in the tradition-bound Friday ceremony: the King rides to the Mosque in a crimson and gold carriage, returns on horseback wearing a burnoose, shielded by the Imperial umbrella.

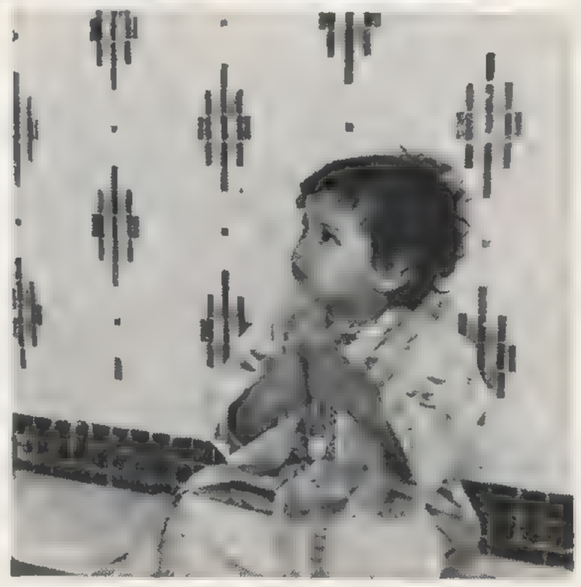








H.R.H. Princess Lalla Miriam, a vivid child with black ringlets, is shown, *on this page*, wearing a Royal caftan embroidered in gold, with a gauzy overdress, the foukia, belted with jewels.





H.R.H. Prince Sidi Mohammed, the Crown Prince of Morocco, *right*, photographed wearing traditional Moroccan dress, the filmy djellaba.

CECIL BEATON





THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOROCCO

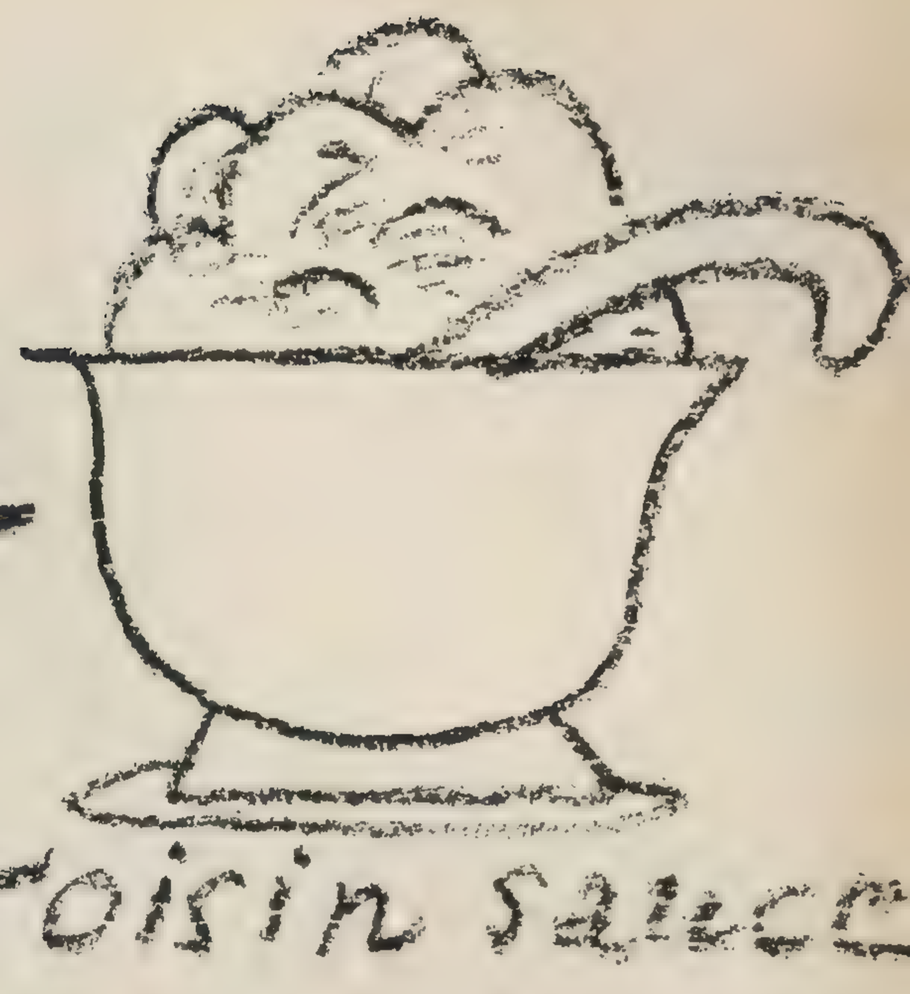


Her Highness Princess Lamia, a tawny-haired beauty with grey-green eyes, is the wife of the king's younger brother, His Royal Highness Prince Moulay Abdullah, and the daughter of the late great leader of Lebanon, Riad El Solh. She is shown *above* with her infant son, H.R.H. Prince Moulay Hicham, and *left,* at her palace in Rabat. Willow-boned, with a minuscule waist, she wears superbly the Royal caftans with her collection of jewelled belts and necklaces. (Many were presents from the Royal family for her marriage in 1961, which was celebrated throughout the country for seven days with wedding ceremonies in Rabat, Tangier, and Marrakech.) Embroidered in pure gold, with a fall of buttons from neck to hem, Royal caftans, especially long, are sometimes worn under a gossamer foukia, with peak-toed slippers (babouches). Princess Lamia was photographed, *left,* in a Paisley-patterned caftan that she might wear by day in the palace. Her persimmon velvet caftan (shown above) embroidered with gold and jewels is of a more formal order. Princess Lamia wears caftans for her husband's receptions, often held in flowered gardens cooled by jet spray fountains. Then the entertainment is pure Scheherazade—troupes of dancers, Arab and Berber, their ankle bracelets jangling, perform to the music of pink mandolins, golden ram's horns, and fanfares blown from silvery trumpets.

CECIL BEATON

VOGUE'S OWN MENU





DINNER FOR SIX

THE FIRST OYSTERS

LAMB FROM PROVENCE*
Rice with parsley
Glazed onions

A SALAD OF
PLAIN MIXED GREENS

RASPBERRIES
WITH VOISIN SAUCE*

WINE:
CHABLIS—
GRENOUILLES

Are you ready? Here come the first cool salty oysters. Autumn is around some unexpected corner. It is time to put away the watermelon balls until next year and fix your mind on food with a serious mission.

Of course the temperature may cross you up, and in that likely case, we have arranged a cooling dessert of the last fat local raspberries. We have arranged a dinner, in short, that looks forward and glances back.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

LAMB FROM PROVENCE

FOR SIX PEOPLE

6 pound spring lamb, boned
2 cans anchovy fillets
Pine nuts
Garlic (maybe)

Give your butcher two cans of the long sort of anchovy fillets. Ask him to stuff the boned lamb with them. When you have your lamb at home, make numerous small incisions in it and insert pine nuts into them. If you like garlic, stuff several half cloves into the meat.

Cook lamb on a rack for 10 minutes in a preheated 500° oven. Then reduce heat to 350° and cook for 15 to 18 minutes per pound, depending on how pink you like lamb.

THE SNAPPER: Pine nuts.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

RASPBERRIES WITH VOISIN SAUCE

FOR SIX PEOPLE

3 quarts raspberries (washed)
1 pint best vanilla ice cream
½ pint heavy cream
Dash black rum or brandy

This is an old-time New York restaurant recipe.

Soften, but do not melt, the ice cream by keeping it for several hours in the bottom part of the refrigerator. Whip the heavy cream until stiff, then fold into the soft ice cream and add the liquor. Pass raspberries and sauce separately.

THE SNAPPER: Creamed ice cream.

(Continued from page 170)

of himself, this serene and generous countryside Max Ernst paralleled the development of his own nature. As for the Ernsts' own house, "Le Pin Perdu" when first seen was just the sort of shaggy, run-down farmhouse, one stage this side of dereliction, that can be found even today in Touraine. Photographs record the tiny blocked-in windows, the farm buildings fallen into ruin, the garden knee-high in equatorial grasses. A great deal needed to be done; but the moment was timely, in that in 1954 Max Ernst had won the Grand Prize at the Venice Biennale. Never one of those artists who spend as much time with their investment-counsellors as they do in the studio, he had moved through life with a minimum of encumbrances, never hesitating to follow his instincts at the cost, even, of near-destitution, and living from moment to charged moment with the true surrealist's disregard for contingency. He had never made money his master; and money had taken the hint, for it was only ten years ago, when Max Ernst was well into his sixties and had been revitalizing the European imagination for thirty-five years, that he could say a last farewell to poverty.

The Ernsts are the last people to force their personalities upon an ancient countryside. But, equally, they are people who like to stay home a great deal, and who combine a European feeling for home as the ark with an American flair for the rationalization of what need not be drudgery, but in Europe most often is.

Max Ernst has always been a master of the constructive contradiction. A German by birth, he has a French passport, dresses like an English landowner who is too grand to bother about clothes, and has an ear as sharp as Mencken's for the felicities of American idiom. A picture-poet who acknowledges no restraints upon the creative impulse, he can hold his own in any discussion of the disciplined sciences and could have made a career as a mathematician or a psychiatrist had he so wished. Blessed with unearthly good looks, he enjoys making nonsense of them in sessions of improvised fancy-dress. He can put two ready-made images side by side in such a way that they make nonsense of art-history; and yet he can walk into that same history by the front door, presenting as his credentials canvas after canvas that has a nineteenth-century delight in full and plain pictorial statement.

Both as an artist and as a friend he is one of the great autobiographers; yet much in his art, and in his life, is inviolably private, and will remain so. Never one to make concessions for the sake of comfort or security or "face," he is as alive as ever to the outrages that stupidity and cruelty and "importance" can inflict on a human being: for manifestations of that sort he lays aside the look of benignity that age has given him and has in reserve a godlike rage and scorn.

In other human beings he prizes above all the evidence of an authentic originality: not the attitudinizing of those who hope to conceal a basic ordinariness, but the arrowy, fast-moving, unpredictable impulses of people who are so completely themselves that it would never occur to them to compromise. Such people have always crossed his path, as if magnetized by a kindred spirit; but in the person of Dorothea Tanning idiosyncrasy is allied to a warm and steadfast affection, and an inimitable, headlong, and unguarded utterance to the gift of making the visitor feel that that particular day is his birthday and will be celebrated as such.

Today the Ernsts have an apartment in a tall-faced town house in the Faubourg St.-Germain and a property of undisclosed size and character in the hills above the Mediterranean; but in 1955 "Le Pin Perdu," in its near-dereliction, was the only thing in Europe that they could call their own. Long years of enforced nomadism had robbed Max Ernst of nearly all the souvenirs of the past with which an artist of his age and standing can surround himself. But, painful as this was, it allowed the house to take on an air of youthfulness and rediscovery. In itself irresistibly touching, this contrasts with the immemorial look of the village as it can be seen, at a landscape-painter's distance, from the wooden belvedere that has been erected at one end of the house. It is a view dominated by the slate steeple of the church, with the surrounding house roofs sharp-angling this way and that as if in wait for some lost member of the school of Barbizon. (Invisible, though, are the fortress-like walls of some of the older houses, and the twist and turn of the streets, and the sudden gateways that give Huismes a manorial air.)

In the garden itself the polite *pelouses* of French provincial tradition are diversified by sculptures—many of Max Ernst's own, one by his lifelong friend Jean Arp, and a series of huge stone reliefs which the Ernsts bought from the scrap-merchant when they were being peeled off the façade of a big house in the Champs-Élysées. These reliefs have been set into the seven-foot-high wall which now surrounds the property; their grandiloquence might be expected to collapse before the irony and systematic understatement of Max Ernst's own sculpture, but somehow it doesn't: it takes on, rather, the sense of parody with which Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning can elasticize even the dullest of everyday actions.

The element of constructive contradiction comes out again in the general style of the house. Max Ernst may speak with admiration of Alexander Calder's new studio ("Enormous—like a cathedral") in the same region, but his own studios still look what they are: bits of a stable. The courtyard has been

(Continued on page 234)

Justin McCarty



Justin McCarty's Coat-Suit, earning its name with an easy, casual back-belted coat ensembled with a flattering V-neck overblouse and slim skirt, designed by Jody VanAmburgh in the finest of wool worsted double knit. Royal, brandy, or jade. Misses Sizes. $75.

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FROM

Colette d'Orsay

AIR FRANCE
TRAVEL ADVISOR

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MAX ERNST

(Continued from page 233)

carefully sanded to allow of the Ernsts' liking for a game of *boule*, but the fine piers that flank the gateway, with their simplified pineapple tops, are the sort of thing that any substantial farmer would put up, just as the circular iron table under the wisteria, and the iron chairs that surround it in warm weather, are the standard furnishings of every French house that has at all a decent climate. The stone of the house, whiteish in general, flushes yellow here and there.

It is inside the house that expectation is turned upside down. There is something of French tradition in the tiled kitchen, so carefully confected by Dorothea Tanning from tiles thrown out as faulty by their manufacturer, and much of American comfort in the smooth running of all that contributes to the practicalities of life.

But the big upper room, with its ash-grey beam structure, has a timeless un-localized quality. The books are in French, German, and English. The cushions on the sofa are Turinese, and embroidered for a robust popular taste with dogs and cats and likenesses of the Sphinx and Arab riders. The rug is by Max Ernst. That photograph, so solemnly framed alongside an object by Marcel Duchamp, is a photograph of a dog dressed up as a gangster of the 1930s. The Ernsts stalk the French television service much as Hemingway stalked wild duck, and the big set plays every evening (often with the sound switched off) while the master and mistress of the house lie in wait for the moment of revelation or absurdity.

From this upper room a spiral iron staircase, itself the result of a fine bit of stalking, winds down to the dining room. It is here that the Ernsts' enforced vagabonding begins to pay off, for Max Ernst was able, during and shortly after the war, to acquire, mostly in New York, a large number of examples of primitive art—some of them (the splendid group of Katchina dolls, for instance) from the remote and solitary region in which he and his wife were then living, but most of them from metropolitan sources. (The Brooklyn Museum, for instance, sold off the Haida Indian fertility figure which stands the full height of the room.) But the Ernsts are not, as I have said, detached aesthetes: they are full-blooded participants in life, and their participation extends to their possessions also. The Haida figure, for instance, represents the whole cycle of life from birth to death, and it has reverted as nearly as possible to its original function, that of the house-pole which kept the beam-structure in place.

Similarly, the candid local wine (Bourgueil, mostly) that flows freely at mealtimes is kept in an animal-headed trough from British Columbia which had a comparable function in its original home: it symbolized, that is to say, an open-handed hospitality, and was used in the ceremonial giving-away to neighbouring tribes of the entire product of the summer: in this way the tribes would spend the whole winter in feasting, taking it in turns to play host.

These tribes would see the point, undoubtedly, of the improvised festivities with which the Ernsts can transform formal hospitality into something that the Loire Valley had lost since the great houses slumped one after another into museum status. But Huismes is preeminently a place of work. Max Ernst is as active as ever, and as fertile, and there are not many women painters who can cover a large canvas with the concentrated authority that Dorothea Tanning has shown in her recent paintings. It is this shared concentration, as much as the mischief and the fun and the spontaneous escapading, which gives the house its quality.

The Ernsts have, too, the gift of harmonizing with the ancient life of the French countryside. That life has not been spoiled in Touraine, as it has been spoiled in so many *départements*, and at "Le Pin Perdu" the combined kitchen-cum-library is as open to the postman and the gamekeeper as it is to the *cher collègue* of fifty years' standing or the American connection from Galesburg, Illinois. If the master of the house feels like taking a nap before the open fire, he takes one, while the language around him veers from Molière to *The New Yorker* and back again.

Upstairs the tiny, jewelled paintings of the last few years confer their special radiance upon the white-walled bedroom; along the corridor the trunkfuls of fancy dress await the impulse of dis-inhibition; over at the electrified stove the music of dinner tunes up in readiness for the author of "Qui Falsifie les Salsifis?" And on the wall at the foot of the stairs is the painting (the adaptation, some would say) in which Max Ernst lately summed up his feelings about the *département* of Indre-et-Loire.

Ambling around the Parisian fleamarket he had bought a reclining nude by Franz von Stuck, a Munich master much in the ascendant at the time of Max Ernst's school days. Soon after it arrived in the studio he began to paint it over, leaving on view only the undeniably beautiful middle section and covering the rest with a conscientious map of the Loire Valley: a flat green countryside with, at its centre, two rivers personified as a beautiful woman. Surviving admirers of Franz von Stuck might not see the joke, but for the rest of us it corresponds to an objective reality.

When Max Ernst had his retrospective show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1961, he dedicated his foreword to the friends, "some new, some old, all young," who would come to see the exhibition. It could have been no more than a delicate use of language; but if we are really "all young," it is because he keeps us so.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Shocking facials from France

Suddenly this season over American dressing tables there is a program swinging into action in a rather offbeat direction. Called by its makers a "shock treatment," one set of fetching stuff is meant to be used ten days a month, no matter what notch your skin fits into. (Dry, Oily, Half-and-Half, Young and Disturbed, Tired and Delicate—this goes for everybody.) Then, away with the shockers for the rest of the month and on with another set of confections aimed at your particular breed of complexion. Every day, in shock or not, seven massage movements and four gymnastics for the face (e.g., pronounce the letters U and X, bringing the teeth sharply together) are called for. . . . Although this facial curriculum has just recently hit the U. S. A., it has been around in Europe for some time and it is the invention of the long-admired French woman derma-



tologist, Dr. N. G. Payot. During the ten-day shock program, the programmers direct you to lay aside all of the other Payot treatment products, except for a cleanser, and stick faithfully and daily to just three bottles and jars—a cream, a tonic, and a masque. These bear the name of Amnioderm to celebrate the fact that they contain amniotic fluid, a biological liquid stabilized, evidently for the first time, by Dr. Payot's laboratories with the objective of restoring skin to the natural balance it was born with. . . . Once rebalanced, the skin is returned to its own régime (or, to each skin its own Dr. Payot for the next twenty days). Lavender-capped bottles enclose such do-gooders as Crème Hydriane, a squeeze-bottled moisturizer endowed with sage and watermelon; Lotion No. 2, an apricot-coloured antiseptic lotion that includes hamamelis and Brewer's yeast, especially for dry skins; Lotion No. 6, an ocean-green astringent, with alum, rose water, and menthol in it, especially for oily skins. . . . Still brimming with energy after fifty years of coping with misbehaving complexions, Dr. Payot does not confine her advice to surface matters. "Eat slowly, chew food thoroughly, drink water between meals, put troubles out of mind when it's time to sleep. Keep your organism in perfect balance—that's the vital factor in all true and lasting beauty." Those are her words to clients. (Continued, next page)



IF YOU
HAVE BRITTLE
BREAK-OFF
FINGERNAILS

and have tried nail hardeners with no satisfaction, you must try MAVALA, the instant miracle Nail Hardener from Switzerland.

You may have seen imitations of MAVALA but now you can enjoy the original, the genuine MAVALA Scientifique...and be sure!

Acclaimed and proved by millions of women in Europe as the nail hardener — MAVALA Scientifique is now available in the U.S.... Clinically tested and approved!

GUARANTEED: stronger, lovelier fingernails, or your money back. MAVALA makes this unusual guarantee because its clinically proven formula hardens nails instantly — penetrating and fusing together the many layers of the nail. Result: a "diamond-hard" nail tip that defies chipping, peeling, or splitting.

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So sure are we that you will be amazed and pleased with MAVALA, that we offer you the opportunity to try it at no risk. Just send 25¢ (to cover handling and mailing) for a 3 week trial size. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

(Continued) Among stores to which her balancing act is now flowing smoothly are Bloomingdale's; Strawbridge & Clothier; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.



The quest for the larger eye

With all the hoohah about making eyes look bigger and eyelashes lashier, one long-time maker of an eyelash-curling tool has added to its continuing theory some news. The maker: obviously Kurlash. The theory: the more up-twirled the eyelashes, the larger looks the eye beneath them. The news: a new mascara called Lash Builder, teamed with Kurlash for a complete, eye-opening lash-job, especially when the lashes under consideration tend towards scantiness. Presented on the reasonable theory that setting the lashes is like setting the hair, that they have to be properly moistened for a curl to take, Kurlash and Kurlash Lash Builder are right now doing interesting work with lashes that once left much to be desired. Lash Builder, a golden wand with a colour-dispensing, lash-separating, spiral brush comes in tandem with the scissor-handled curler in a box marked Kurlash Lash Set.

The cleanest skin that ever was

Because, as you will read in bold type on page 223, the cleanest skin that ever was is fundamental underpinning for the new glimmer make-up, stern, uncompromising cleansers engage our interest. Which makes all the more timely a fairly new skin cleaner that has incorporated the soil-demolishing power of minute granules in a gentling, texturizing cream base. Its name is, simply, Cleansing Scrub and its compounder is, happily, Edith Rehnborg, a California company whose representatives carry its products house-to-house all over the country with this motto in their sample case: "The finest of Nature's goodness—from the world of cosmetic science." Nature's goodness in Cleansing Scrub consists of honey, oatmeal, and oils of peppermint, all long-loved skin benefactors. Rehnborg cosmetic science is presumably what blended a granular scrub with this particular sweet and soothing balm. For uncooperative problem skins, Cleansing Scrub does a wondrous job when used daily in place of, or in addition to, soap.

From pages 28-29

CHARLES COOPER NUTRIAS

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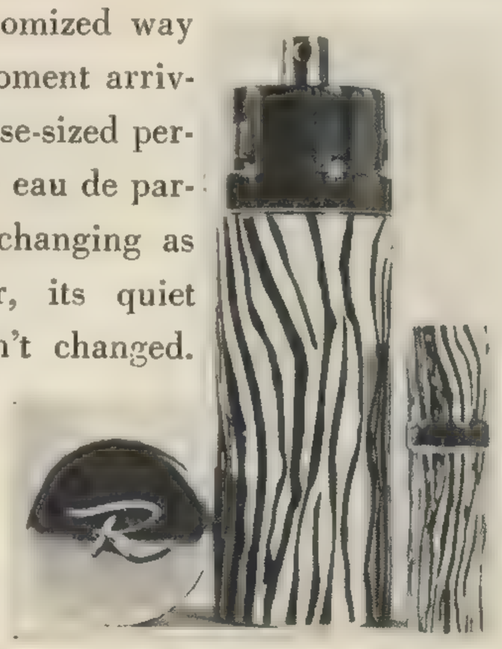
Pinpointing light: the eyes like it

Glare has never been friendly to eyes. The cavemen discovered this and made slitted eye masks of bone, wood, or hide to protect their eyes from the visual blow of sun, snow, or sea water. . . . Eskimo glasses have always had "peeking slots" so nothing could bounce back the glow. . . . Over a hundred years ago mention was made in a German publication of vision improved by a similarly-principled "pinhole disc spectacle." . . . Pursuing this thought, a certain helpful sunglass maker has constructed Tel-Specs, dark plastic with rows of pinhole perforations that have, we read, been found in many cases to be valuable in sharpening subnormal vision caused by irregular astigmatism, acute discomfort with light, et cetera. We don't know firsthand about that. We do know that, even for normal vision, Tel-Specs may be the relaxingest glasses going when the sun's high or the snow's low or there's TV working by the hour across the room from us. . . . Indeed, Tel-Specs' makers claim that watching television through minute holes provides exercise for the eyes. As yet we haven't consulted our ophthalmologist. . . . At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.



Comment?

Possibly one of the greatest burdens the great French perfumes find they must bear in the United States is: their given names. Un Air Embaumé, which really means "a softly-scented air," is a significant case in point. . . . Developed by Rigaud before World War I, Embaumé is tremendously contemporary. In fact, at a point in time when a certain greenery in perfume is enjoying an immense vogue and certain floral garlands are having a ball, Un Air Embaumé might be precisely the new scent an attuned perfume-formulator would invent for a smart 1960's audience. Un Air Embaumé is not new but this is: the atomized way (see below) it's this moment arriving on the scene, in purse-sized perfume and dressing-table eau de parfum. Zebra-striped. Unchanging as zebra stripes, however, its quiet amber woodsiness hasn't changed.



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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER



Aunt Cecilia died of embarrassment

Heaven forbid that she mention a lump on her "chest" to anyone—even her own doctor! She died of breast cancer.

Today, more and more women have adopted the habit of breast self-examination. And a lump on the "chest" sends them to their doctors immediately. They know that early diagnosis and prompt, proper treatment could help save their lives.

The American Cancer Society's life-saving film BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION demonstrates this easy-to-learn technique. Call your local Unit of the Society for information on where to see it.

And fight cancer another important way. Send a generous check today to "Cancer", c/o POSTMASTER.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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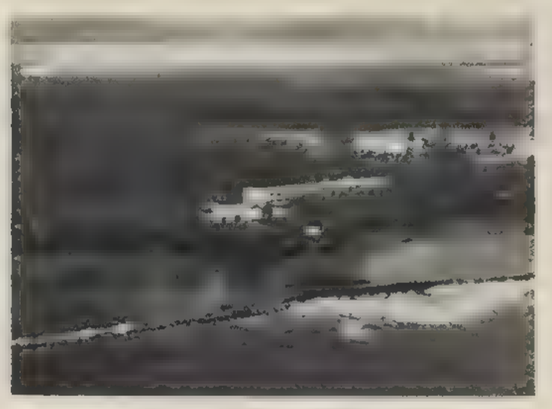
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How Lucas Ray built himself a lake with U.S. Savings Bonds

Like umpteen million other Americans, Mr. Ray loves to fish. Unfortunately, in his part of South Carolina, public lakes are scarce.

Not one to be discouraged, he cashed in a few thousand dollars' worth of Savings Bonds and built his own. He has it well-stocked with crappies, catfish, bass and other fish. And an attractive 4-room cottage sitting beside it (also built with Savings Bonds).

In case you're wondering, Mr. Ray possesses neither great wealth nor superhuman powers as a saver. He accumulated the money for the lake, fish and cottage by joining the Payroll Savings Plan where he works.

Every week the company sets aside $9 from his paycheck and puts it toward the purchase of a $50 Bond every month. His savings build up automatically.

Americans with all kinds of savings goals buy Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan. And while their dollars build up a nest egg for their future, they help Uncle Sam safeguard our freedom right now.

Must be lots of important things you'd like to have in your future. Why not sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan where you work and see if it isn't the easiest way in the world to save for them?

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A second fame: good food

The menus, recipes, kitchen amenities of celebrated people . . . first of a series to include Braque; Vicomtesse Marie-Laure de Noailles; Philippe Hiquily; Peter Ustinov; Georges Auric.

By Ninette Lyon

Picasso:

"Eels are good enough to paint."



Picasso in his studio. Foreground: painting of an eel stew

A steep road leads up to the farmhouse, Notre-Dame-de-Vic, where Jacqueline and Pablo Picasso live in Mougins. There is a grilled gate, closed. As I arrived, the gate opened mysteriously, and I saw a house covered with ivy. Jacqueline Picasso appeared, smiling, charming.

"I never take myself seriously," she said, "not even when I do the cooking. Picasso is as sober and frugal as a goat. One day I made him a stew of eels, a masterwork. He decided to paint it, rather than eat it. Afterwards, he dedicated the painting to me. There, that's a good subject for your article, isn't it?"

Several days later we all went to a beach on the outskirts of Cannes. Seated in the sand, Picasso ate a slice of ham and a tomato. "If you want a flat stomach," this shrewd man said, "all you have to do is walk on the tips of your toes." He rose, and demonstrated.

I turned to Jacqueline. "What does he hate to eat?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said laughingly. "He likes everything, which makes it very agreeable, because I like to cook even very simple things."

Picasso joined in, recalling a tin of cod which, one day, exploded under his nose, splattering the walls and the ceiling. After that, it was a long time before he looked at a platter of codfish. He went on to describe a succulent omelette *Niçoise,* with a garlic-mayonnaise sauce, that he had enjoyed the evening before. Then he told us about a bullfight at Fréjus.

"The toreros gave me Spanish sausage and Spanish wine, and I drank the water from Madrid; they carry it in large goatskins and drink a glassful after each session in the ring."

A young Englishman, stammering and timid, approached us with his camera aimed. Picasso rose again, always smiling. Click. Thank you. He sat down again.

"I once knew a woman," he said, "who looked like a hairy red fish. Thanks to me, she found happiness (or rather, thanks to me and her special way of making tea). I knew her well. One day, I brought one of my best friends to visit her. She offered us tea, but she must have just boiled bouillon in the same pot, because the tea she gave us had eyes, you know, big fat eyes of grease. We left her house, laughing like fools. A few days later, I went to see my friend; I found her in his house, installed . . . for life! And it all began with her tea-bouillon."

It was already four-thirty. The beach was getting crowded. Paolo, Picasso's oldest son, arrived with his wife and son—

(Continued on page 240)



Bathe in the scent of sunshine

Drift in waters soft as silk, dappled with the fragrance of Golden Woods Bath Oil. To make you feel golden all over, use the Bath Powder and Spray Mist Cologne.

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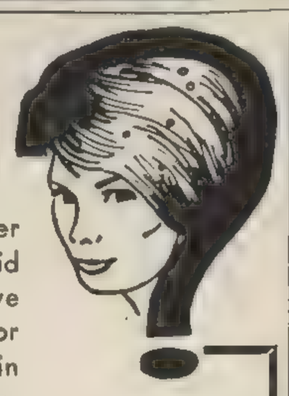
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A SECOND FAME: FOOD

(Continued from page 239)

and other friends. The conversation became more general. . . . Then, the last dip, with Picasso always next to Jacqueline. The last photograph, the last autograph hunter. Picasso took the road back to his studio. . . .

Here are two Picasso recipes:

OMELETTE TORTILLA NIÇOISE
FOR FOUR PEOPLE

6 tablespoons olive oil
1 large onion
4 peppers, red and green
3 tomatoes
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
8 eggs
Salt and pepper

In a flat-bottomed frying pan, heat oil gently, adding the onion, sliced and separated into rings. After 5 minutes, add the peppers, seeded and diced. Mix and cook gently for a few minutes, then slip in the tomatoes, seeded, peeled, and cubed. After mixing and seasoning, cover pan and let simmer over a low flame for 1 hour. Vegetables should not stick. Uncover the pan, pour in the wine vinegar, and let cook until liquid is reduced.

Beat the eggs in a bowl. Pour them over the vegetables, mix well, and let the omelette cook gently without touching it. When it is well set, put a big plate over the pan and reverse the omelette onto it, then slide it back into the pan on the other side. Finish over a higher flame until golden underneath. Cut the omelette-tortilla like a pie, and serve with a bowl of garlic-mayonnaise seasoned with saffron.

EEL STEW
FOR FOUR PEOPLE

6 tablespoons olive oil
6 tablespoons butter
12 small white onions
1 teaspoon sugar
2 yellow onions, chopped
12 mushrooms
⅓ pound salt pork, cubed
2 shallots, minced
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 eels of about 1 pound each, cut into four- to five-inch sections
1 bottle of good red wine
1 tablespoon flour
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
Bouquet garni: thyme, bay leaf, parsley, fennel, and a small branch of celery

Heat 2 tablespoons of butter and 3 tablespoons of olive oil in a large frying pan, add small white onions and sprinkle them with sugar. When golden on all sides, cover the pan and cook gently, turning onions carefully from time to time. Be sure they are well caramelized without sticking. After 10 minutes add the salt pork cut in cubes; when transparent, put in the mushroom heads, and let simmer.

At the same time: Heat 2 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons oil in a casserole. Cover the bottom with 2 chopped onions, minced shallots, garlic, and chopped mushroom stems. Put the bouquet garni in the centre and the sections of fish around it. Season and cook gently for 5 minutes, then cover with wine. Bring to a boil, then lower flame as far as possible, to simmer, without boiling, for 15 minutes.

Drain the pieces of eel and place in the frying pan with the small onions. Keep warm over a low flame.

Strain the sauce through a fine sieve, return to high flame and reduce, uncovered for 5 minutes. Work 2 tablespoons butter and 1 tablespoon flour into a paste, and add it in bits to thicken sauce; stir to boiling point before removing from stove.

Cover the eel stew with sauce; and serve surrounded by croutons fried in butter.

SUMMER: ITS SINGULAR FRENCH PLEASURES

(Continued from page 196)

day the house was declared ready. I dragged myself to rainy Honfleur and bought a few sofas and bridge tables. Then I came home and we each took a hot bath, placing our towels on the new radiators. It was intoxicating. Stinking of fresh paint, but intoxicating.

The house was therefore livable. Third Horror of a country house: *Everybody knows of it.* The third summer, the weather was relatively fine; some new camping law made Saint-Tropez in August definitely out of the question for everyone. I had looked forward to a small circle of friends peacefully talking shop, pan in hand, by the fireside. Instead I found myself, sandwiches in hand, feeding hordes of rambunctious and unexpected guests. I had dreamed of Nohant, it turned out to be Ermenonville. The four bathrooms resounded, from morning to night, with boisterous frolicking. Both the Norman and the Spanish servants handed in their resignations.

This house was a triumph. Zooming roadsters filled with Bright Young People ran over the farmer's chickens. Sleepy Parisian Pekingese suddenly came to in the country air and strangled each other. We had all brought our dogs and cats who in Paris retained an enforced, but convenient, chastity. Overcome with frenzy in the country, they reproduced with total strangers. I now count six dogs and five cats, not counting the ones who took to the woods during my absence. One must never bring animals to the country under the pretext that they need more freedom. They get it there in a vile way.

The fourth summer, consequently, I decided to sell my country house. We had spent such delicious weekends there. The heating usually broke down the day before we arrived; and it is enervating, when one seeks forty-eight hours of sound sleep, to hear rain dripping into a bowl at the foot of the bed, just under the eaves of the roof. (Country houses always have a roof and, contrary to the roof's symbolic meaning, it's the most fragile thing in the house.) I put the house on the market with a heavy heart. May I add that I had planted for three years in this notoriously rich Norman soil, numerous varieties of petunias which all died without having seen the light of day. A single rosebush survived, to be subsequently eaten by a horse. During that last summer various prospective buyers came to inspect the house, usually while we were seated at the card table. "Your turn!" my friends shouted angrily from downstairs as I praised the climate, the closets, et cetera. Usually the visitors ran through the twelve rooms at lightning speed and, upon leaving, shook my hand with wistful eyes. I have never discovered why. They never came back, and I still own the house I love. Given the hectic life one leads in the city, and the nervous tension one has to bear, a country house is just about indispensable (if one is a millionaire).

TRANSLATED BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY.

SUMMER: ITS SAVAGE AMERICAN JOYS

(Continued from page 197)

brown paper; three sable skins left for summer storage by a thrifty relative; twenty-four tough laying hens for soup; twelve ducks presented by a hunter friend; jars of left-over *osso bucco, Stroganoff,* and *ratatouille* jostle with cans of fresh-egg shampoo and bacon fat for my wintering birds. But I labour with the serene knowledge that a neighbour of mine is even more tyrannized by the conservation syndrome: she freezes weeds.

September also brings on an annual fit of prostration. "I married a freezer!" I complain to my admiring, encouraging husband as I squeeze in the fortieth jar of "our own" apple

(Continued on page 242)

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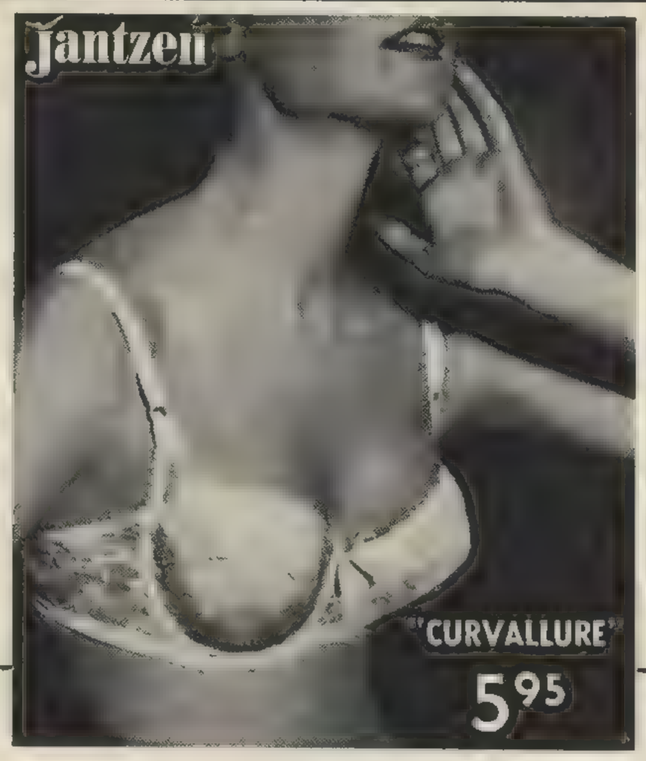


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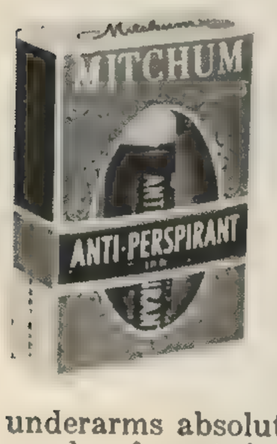
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SUMMER: ITS SAVAGE AMERICAN JOYS

(Continued from page 241)

sauce. "I want everything to die and leave me alone!" And a few days afterwards, my prayers answered, I stand in triumphant repose in my half acre of vegetable garden withered and yellowed from the first killing frost.

Surviving the nature-lover's summer is a physical feat. Surviving the New England winter is a psychological feat. On a snow-bound December day I begin a certain nostalgia for my childhood vacations in Picardy, where it was a two-minute stroll to the fragrant baker's shop or to the Paris locomotive, a five-minute ramble to cousins or to church. How available the friends, how fresh and fingerable the fruit seemed at all times of the year in that more intimate landscape, that more clement latitude! Here it is an icy fifteen-minute drive to post office, church, or school, twenty minutes to the nearest respectable vegetable counter, a half-hour to the nearest railroad station, forty minutes to reach our closest friends. Yet I suspect that the test of a passionate country-lover is to prefer the isolation, the dour concentration of a New England winter to the gay, laborious dispersion of its summer.

Wintering at Walden Pond, some one hundred miles north of us, Thoreau wrote that he preferred "Life near the bone where it is sweetest." The bone simile is inescapable: the whiteness and hardness of our icy, November-through-April winters, the reduction to minimals. In that great democracy of winter where no plant or tree glories above any other, with no foliage to hide the fault of bone, we are reduced to our skeletal truths. Our own quality of bone, our stamina, our capacity for love and friendship reveal themselves in a harsh light. December evenings begin at dusk. My husband and I light the fire, brew the tea at four, and it is in those long evenings that country life most poignantly tests our discipline, our patience, our love. The closeness and intimacy of the New England winter is a phenomenal bond for good marriages; it must be a quick dissolvent for bad ones. For one must bide through the tempests of cohabitation without the truce, the repose of separation.

The winter tests, sorts, intensifies friendships as well as love. I have lost those of my former city friends whom I would have lost ten years hence; and the essential friendships, which blossom in spring and summer from long hikes on my beloved forest trails, continue thriving during the intimacy of snowy weekend afternoons. There comes a time in February when our acres and our roads, cleansed and re-iced by successive assaults of sleet, snow, and freezing rain, become an enormous skating pond. There are chains of icy days when we pounce on the noon mail as voraciously as the chickadees at our windows welcome their frozen bacon fat, when our sole distraction is a careful walk at dusk to admire the fuchsia blaze of sunset on the snow. I love my country winter for the intense, juvenile enthusiasm our few recreations bring: a drive to the movie theatre, a trip to New York fills us with the jubilation of boarding-school children taking their Saturday outing. In the long, isolated end-of-winter weeks, when loneliness gathers and grows, like a snowball, into an avalanche, I wish at times for a frozen friend, a small package of nimble, deft, frozen conversation that I could store and draw out at will along with my bread and meat . . . but the inner self must keep reclosing in a spiral motion, drawing all ardour, all vigour from some inner intensity.

On an April afternoon, seven years after sowing my first packet of bean seed, I light the fire at five, brew tea before giving my sons their hour of music and reading, and wonder: How do women survive such long country winters without having children to tend, to feed, to prune? Deprived of the nurturing work of summer, do they endlessly re-tile bathrooms, re-pot geraniums, divide their African violets? Winter is diffi-

cult for the converted agronomist, the passionate cultivator, and in April one feels strong, superbly self-dependent to have survived it. We welcomed the arrival of the first rufous-sided towhee with the festive enthusiasm of a first-night audience at the opera.

My hearth-loving Siamese, wary of spring and the cessation of fires, wakes and stirs uneasily on her pillow. Accomplice in my solitude, in my beautiful and selfish peace, what nightmare, what prospective dearth of frozen mice has slit the azure of her eyes? "I forgot to tell you," my husband exclaims over his tea, "that your tarragon has survived the winter!" "And I forgot to tell you," I answer, "that I have seen your rhubarb and your peonies thrusting their first, red, terrible shoots through the thawing ground!" I stretch my limbs in unison with the cat, as if to shed the snail-like shell of my winter's hibernation, and welcome the beloved tyrannies of summer, not with the lyric optimism of my first country years, but with a more savage, warlike joy.

SUMMER: ITS ENGLISH LUNATIC CHEER

(Continued from page 197)

down, you peer through it thinking that sooner or later God Almighty in His great mercy will turn the tap off. He doesn't. The optimistic young person then skips from cover round the corner of the shelter to test which way the wind is blowing and to see if things are brightening up over there. Things aren't, but—

"It seems to be clearing up," I say as I dry my hair on the towel I fetched along for bathing purposes and cover my wetness with the thick-knit sweater I brought along "just in case." And then I lean against the cabin wall while my companion does the same, and we listen to the rustle of paper from the benches behind us as the seated ones bring out their sandwiches. The atmosphere is curious. There is no anger. There is a sense of injustice because it was so lovely and warm last week and the country was looking beautiful. There is also a feeling of relief that this country place is not your permanent home.

Left!
Left!
Left!
Left!

A Guide and Teacher marches a column of kids from the Holiday Fellowship Summer Camp along the road towards the mountains.

"There's a pub four-and-a-quarter miles down the lane," I tell my friend. His eyes light up.

"Oh, yes. I'd forgotten. Shall we chance getting pneumonia and walk there for a drink?"

"Pub'd be shut by the time you got there," a seated one mutters through his mouthful of bread and cheese. There's no contradicting him. He's right. I switch on my transistor radio.

"Tut, tut, tut," he murmurs. "These transistor radios are a curse. Everywhere you go you hear them blaring away disturbing the peace and quiet."

"The blasted birds woke me again at four o'clock this morning," my friend observes bitterly. "One of these days I'm going to make a tape-recording of their dawn chorus and play it in the afternoon when they're fast asleep. See how they like being woken up."

A big black car approaches.

"Hail this taxi," I beg.

"That's the local hearse going to the village school to pick up the children and deliver them home to the farms," the seated one tells us and chews his bread and looks at us as though we've walked uninvited into his front living room. I watch the cows in the field opposite.

"That cow over there seems to be suffering," I say kindly. "Look. Its front legs keep giving way. Do you think we should tell the farmer his cow is sick?"

"Farmer knows," the sandwich man says. "Cow's got rheumatism. Ought to be shot."

"My old granny's got rheumatism."

A column of climbers appears on top of a mountain

(Continued on page 246)

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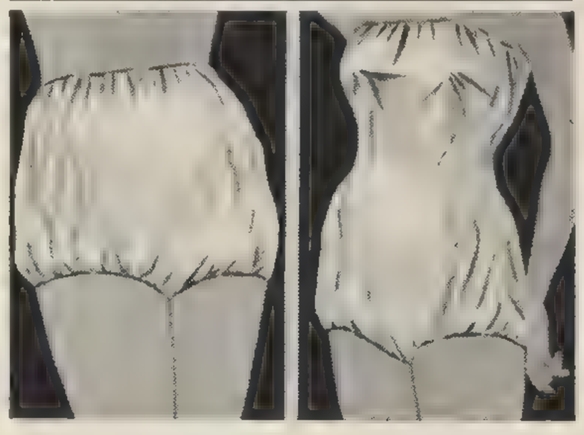
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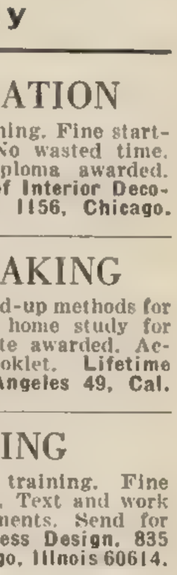
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SUMMER: ITS ENGLISH LUNATIC CHEER

(Contiued from page 243)

ridge.

"Bet it's draughty up there," my friend says and watches the water soak through his suède boots.

"They're enjoying it. It's toughening them up. They're competing for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award for Endurance."

"I'll bet they're cursing the Duke of Edinburgh."

"I don't know why you people come to the country. A bit of rain never hurt anyone your age."

We look at him as he pours himself a cup of hot tea from his Thermos flask.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date."

"What did you say?" he asks me.

"Nothing."

The ancient rheumaticky cow in the field facing us falls down again.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The men on the mountain lean forward resting their full weight on the wind.

"For we are kindred to lordly things
The wild duck's flight and the white owl's wings,
To pike and salmon, to bull and horse,
The curlew's cry and the smell of gorse,
Pride of trees and swiftness of streams,
Magic of frost have shaped our dreams;
No baser vision their spirit fills
Who walk by right on the naked hills."

"Are you going to make a collection when you've finished these dramatic recitations?" my friend asks me.

"If you give, I'll take."

"Well here's a penny. Now go and sing in the next field."

"Do you know 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner'?" sandwiches asks me.

"'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink'—that's all I can remember, sir."

"Do you know 'For Annie' by Edgar Allan Poe then?"

"'Thank heaven! the crisis,
The danger, is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last'—that the one you mean?"

"Yes. Go on. Finish it."

"Too gloomy. Oh come on Sun!" I urge and look to heaven. And the sun comes out. We look at each other. The nearest pub four-and-a-quarter miles away. We reckon how long it'll take us to get there if we run. The seated one stands up.

"That's the lot for today. No more rain."

He crumples up his sandwich wrappers and throws them to the ground. He turns down his overcoat collar and picks up his walking stick. He removes the rubber skull from his head, and moves off.

We sit down on the bench where he's warmed up the wood and watch his progress down the narrow lane between the dripping fields and misty mountains.

"All Nature seems at work.
Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—
birds are on the wing—"

"Oh shut up," my friend orders and lights a cigarette.

"It's a criminal act to pollute this lovely fresh country air with cigarette smoke," I say. "Not to mention the harm to your health."

"Oh it's not the cough that carries you off it's the coffin they carry you off in," he murmurs and offers me one of his king-size filter tips. I accept. And sit back and watch the crippled cow.

The Regency-Pale Dress on Page 26

Shannon Rodgers



Jerry Silverman

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